

Hymns
P S A L M S

Book E
A N D

H Y M N S

F O R

DIVINE WORSHIP.

PSALM XLVII. 7. KCV. 2.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding.

*Let us come before his Presence with Thanksgiving,
and make a joyful Noise unto him with Psalms.*

COLOSSIANS III. 16.

*—In Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, sing-
ing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, T. LONGMAN, T. FIELD,
and E. and C. DILLY. 1770.

P S A L M S

A N D

H Y M N S

F O R

D I V I N E



P S A L M XLVII. 7. XCV. 2.

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Colossians iii. 16.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, T. LONGMAN, T. FISHER,
and R. and C. DILLY. 1850.



TO THE
READER.

IN the Year 1757 was published
“ A Collection of PSALMS and
“ HYMNS for Divine Worship* ;”
in the following Year it was re-
printed, with some Alterations and
Additions, for the particular Use of
a very considerable Congregation †.
The Perusal of those Performances
gave rise to this Undertaking, and
it was judged proper to enlarge the
Plan.

A 2

The

* Printed for J. NOON, J. WAUGH, in
London ; A. TOZER, in *Exeter*.

† Printed for T. CADELL, in *Bristol*.

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P S A L M S

F O R

DIVINE WORSHIP.



P S A L M I. Common Metre.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and
Wicked.*

I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill Advice to walk,
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
Where Men profanely talk!

II.

But makes the perfect Law of God
His Bus'ness and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
And meditates by Night.

III.

Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
With timely Fruit does bend,

B

He still shall flourish, and Success
All his Designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly Men and their Attempts
No lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd,
Like Chaff before the Wind.

V.

Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb,
Before their Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite shall then
Amongst the Saints have Place.

VI.

For God approves the just Man's Ways,
To Happiness they tend;
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
Shall both in Ruin end.

I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

I.

THE Man is ever blest
Who shuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counsels never stands,
Nor takes the Scorners's Place.

II.

But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidst the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

III.

He like a Tree shall thrive,
 With Waters near the Root;
 Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live,
 His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

IV.

Not so th' ungodly Race,
 They no such Blessings find;
 Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff
 Before the driving Wind.

V.

How will they bear to stand
 Before that Judgment-seat,
 Where all the Saints at CHRIST's right Hand
 In full Assembly meet?

VI.

He knows, and he approves
 The Way the Righteous go;
 But Sinners and their Works shall meet
 A dreadful Overthrow.

I. Long Metre.

*The Difference between the Righteous and
 the Wicked.*

I.

HAPPY the Man whose cautious Feet
 Shun the broad Way that Sinners go;
 Who hates the Place where Atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

II.

He loves t' imploy his Morning-Light
 Amongst the Statutes of the LORD;
 And spends the wakeful Hours of Night,
 With Pleasure pond'ring o'er the Word.

III.

He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal Green;
 And Heav'n will shine with kindest Beams
 On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

IV.

But Sinners find their Counsels crost;
 As Chaff before the Tempest flies,
 So shall their Hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

V.

In vain the Rebel seeks to stand
 In Judgment with the pious Race;
 The dreadful Judge, with stern Command,
 Divides him to a different Place.

VI.

“ Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
 “ I blest the Path, and drew it plain;
 “ But you would choose the crooked Road,
 “ And down it leads to Grief and Pain.”

II. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

I.

SING to the Lord JEHOVAH's Name,
 And in his Strength rejoice;
 When his Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.

II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And Psalms of Honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's King.

P S A L M II.

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III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know
How mean their Natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

IV.

Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

V.

Come, and with humble Souls adore;
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Power
Be Children of his Grace!

VI.

Now is the Time, he bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;
Come, lest he rouse his Wrath, and swear,
“Ye shall not see my Rest.”

II. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

I.

COME, sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sovereign GOD,
The universal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown,
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,
And all the solid Ground.

III.

Come, worship at his Throne ;
 Come, bow before the LORD ;
 We are his Works, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
 Nor dare provoke his Rod ;
 Come, like the People of his Choice,
 And own your gracious God.

V.

But if your Ears refuse
 The Language of his Grace,
 And Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving Race ;

VI.

The LORD, in Vengeance drest,
 Will lift his Hand, and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd Rest,
 " Shall have no Portion there."

II. Long Metre.

A Warning to delaying Sinners.

I.

COME, let our Voices join to raise
 A sacred Song of solemn Praise :
 God is a sovereign King ; rehearse
 His Honour in exalted Verse.

II.

Come, let our Souls address the LORD,
 Who fram'd our Natures by his Word ;
 He is our Shepherd, we the Sheep
 His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.

PSALM III.

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III.

Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
The Counsels of his Love obey;
Nor let our hard'ned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that Israel knew.

IV.

Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to-day,
Nor lose the Blessings by Delay.

V.

Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly Gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

III. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a LORD's Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God;
And all his starry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

II.

The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

III.

In every different Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;

They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye British Lands rejoice !
Here he reveals his Word ;
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the LORD.

V.

His Statutes and Commands
Are set before our Eyes ;
He put his Gospel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

VI.

His Laws are just and pure,
His Truth without Deceit ;
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

III. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word most excellent.

For a LORD's Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way ;
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

II.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner Light ;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

P S A L M III.

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III.

How perfect is thy Word,
And all thy Judgments just ?
For ever sure thy Promise, LORD,
And Men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But tread the Path to Heav'n !

P A U S E.

V.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous Mind
I would not dare transgress.

VII.

Warn me of ev'ry Sin,
Forgive my secret Faults,
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

VIII.

While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad ;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My Saviour and my God.

III. Long Metre.

The Glory and Success of the Gospel.

I.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD,
 In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines;
 But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
 We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
 And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess;
 But the blest Volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

III.

Sun, Moon and Stars, convey thy Praise
 Round the whole Earth, and never stand;
 So when thy Truth begun its Race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;
 Till CHRIST has all the Nations blest
 That see the Light, or feel the Sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;
 Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,
 Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

VI.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view
 In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n;
 LORD, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,
 And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

IV. Common Metre.

*Duties to GOD and Man ; or the Qualifications
of a Christian.*

I.

WHO shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O GOD of Holiness?
Whom will the LORD admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

II.

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands ;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.

III.

He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor flanders with his Tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the LORD ;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.

V.

His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor ;
This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven secure.

IV. Long Metre.

*Duties to God and Man ; or the Qualifications
of a Christian.*

I.

WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,
Great GOD! and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with GOD below.

II.

Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean,
Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

III.

Scarce will he trust an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt;
Sinners of State he can despise,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.

IV.

Firm to his Word he ever stood,
And always makes his Promise good;
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.

V.

He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his Face;

And doth to all Men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

V. Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of a Resurrection.

I.

WHEN God is nigh, my Faith is strong,
His Arm is my almighty Prop.
Be glad, my Heart ; rejoice, my Tongue ;
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There Streams of endless Pleasure flow ;
And full Discov'ries of thy Grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

VI. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

I.

LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love ;

When Men of Spite against me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

II.

Their Hope and Portion lie below ;
'Tis all the Happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek ; they take their Shares,
And leave the rest among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value I resign ;
LORD, 'tis enough if thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blisful Face,
And stand complete in Righteousness.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show,
But the bright World to which I go
Hath Joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find thee there ?

V.

O glorious Hour ! O blest Abode !
I shall be near, and like my God !
And Flesh and Sin no more controul
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

VI.

My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound ;
Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprise,
And in my Saviour's Likeness rise.

VII. Long Metre.

The Presence of God our Joy and Support.

I.

AS the good Shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring Flocks to verdant Meads,

Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
Amidst the flow'ry Landscapes flow.

II.

So GOD, the Guardian of my Soul,
Does all my erring Steps controul;
When lost in Sin's perplexing Maze,
He leads me back to Virtue's Ways.

III.

Tho' I should journey thro' the Plains,
Where Death in all its Horror reigns;
My stedfast Heart no Ill shall fear,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me there.

IV.

By Thee with Peace and Plenty blest,
My Life is one continu'd Feast;
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my Support and my Defence.

V.

O bounteous God! my future Days
Shall be devoted to thy Praise;
And in thy House thy sacred Name
And wond'rous Grace shall be my Theme.

VIII. Long Metre.

The Majesty and Glory of GOD.

I.

DO thou, my Soul, in sacred Lays,
Attempt the great Creator's Praise;
But, O what Tongue can speak his Fame!
What mortal Verse can reach the Theme!

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant Spheres,
He Glory like a Garment wears;

And boundless Wisdom, Power and Grace,
Command our Awe, transcend our Praise.

III.

Before his Throne a glitt'ring Band
Of Seraphims and Angels stand;
Ethereal Spirits, who in Flight,
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

IV.

To GOD all Nature owes its Birth,
He form'd this pond'rous Globe of Earth;
He rais'd the glorious Arch on high,
And floor'd it with the azure Sky.

V.

In all our Maker's grand Designs,
Omnipotence and Wisdom shines;
His Works thro' all this wond'rous Frame
Bear the great Impress of his Name.

VI.

Rais'd on Devotion's lofty Wing,
Do thou, my Soul, his Glories sing;
And let his Praise employ thy Tongue,
Till list'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

IX. Common Metre.

God's stupendous Goodness to feeble Man.

I.

O GOD, to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame!
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

II.

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;

And yet thou mak'st the infant Tongue
Thy boundless Praise declare.

III.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
And crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng
Which thee and thine oppose.

IV.

When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
Employs my wond'ring Sight,
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light;

V.

What's Man, O LORD, that thus thou lov'st
To keep him in thy Mind!
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st
To him so wond'rous kind!

VI.

Him next in Power thou didst create
To thy celestial Train,
Ordain'd with Dignity and State
O'er all thy Works to reign.

VII.

O God, to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame;
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

X. Common Metre.

God the Creator praised.

I.

LET all the Just to God with Joy
Their chearful Voices raise;

For well the Righteous it becomes
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

II.

By his almighty Word at first
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

III.

The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,
His wat'ry Treasures by.

IV.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand ;
For, when he spake the Word, 'twas made,
'Twas fixt at his Command.

V.

Whate'er the mighty LORD decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

VI.

The Riches of thy Mercy, LORD,
Do thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

XI. Common Metre.

Encouragement to trust in and love GOD.

I.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,

The Praises of my God shall still
My Heart and Tongue employ.

II.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Grievs to rest.

III.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The Dwellings of the Just;
Protection he affords to all
Who on his Succour trust.

IV.

O make but Trial of his Love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

V.

Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants shall be his Care.

VI.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
The LORD will Food provide
For such as put their Trust in him,
And see their Needs supply'd.

XII. As the cxiiith Psalm.

Prosperous Vice not to be envied or feared.

I.

THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:

For they, cut down like tender Grasse,
Or like young Flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

II.

Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land shalt stay,
Secure from Danger and from Want :
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy well-weigh'd Wishes grant.

III.

In all thy Ways trust thou the LORD,
And he will needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry just Design :
And make, like Light serene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to shine.

IV.

With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend ;
Nor let thine Anger weakly rise :
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Success their Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.

V.

God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the LORD ;
Their Strength in Time of Need is He :
Because on him they still depend,
The LORD will timely Succour send,
And from the Wicked set them free.

XIII. Short Metre.

A Penitential Psalm.

I.

HAVE Mercy, LORD, on me,
As thou art ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

II.

Wash off my foul Offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin;
For I confess my Crime, and see
How great my Guilt has been.

III.

Make me to hear with Joy
Thy kind forgiving Voice;
That so the Bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh Strength rejoice.

IV.

Blot out my crying Sin,
Nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.

V.

The Joy thy Favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul sustain.

VI.

So I thy wond'rous Grace
To Sinners will declare;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell
How rich thy Mercies are.

XIV. Long Metre.

Triumph in God's supreme Dominion.

I.

THY Mercies, LORD, shall be my Song,
 My Song on them shall ever dwell;
 To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
 Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.

II.

Lord GOD of Armies! who can boast
 Of Strength or Power like thine renown'd!
 Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
 As that which does thy Throne surround!

III.

Thou dost the lawless Sea control,
 And change the Prospect of the Deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.

IV.

For thy stupendous Truth and Love,
 Both Heaven and Earth just Praises owe;
 By Choirs of Angels sung above,
 And by assembled Saints below.

V.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
 Thy sacred Gospel's joyful Sound;
 With Praises in thy Courts appear,
 And there are with thy Goodness crown'd.

XV. Long Metre.

Homage due to the Almighty Sovereign.

I.

O COME, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high should raise
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

II.

[Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past;
To him address, in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.]

III.

For GOD the LORD, inthron'd in State,
Is with unrival'd Glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.

IV.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hand;
Her secret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

V.

The rolling Ocean's vast Abyfs,
By the same sov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

VI.

He is our GOD, our Shepherd he;
His Flock and Pasture-Sheep are we;
Come then, and like his Flock draw near,
To-day his Voice attentive hear.

XVI. As the xcviith Psalm.

Joy in God's supreme Government.

[This may be sung as the cxliith Psalm, leaving out the two last Lines in each Stanza.]

I.

SING to the LORD a new-made Song;
 Let Earth in one assembled Throng
 The common Patron's Praise resound.
 Sing to the LORD and bless his Name,
 From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
 Who us hath with Salvation crown'd.
 [To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
 His Wonders to the Universe.]

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,
 In Majesty and Glory rais'd
 Above all other Deities:
 For Pageantry and Idols all
 Are they whom Gods the Heathen call,
 He only rules, who made the Skies.
 [With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
 Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.]

III.

Proclaim aloud, JEHOVAH reigns,
 Whose Power the Universe sustains,
 And banish'd Justice will restore:
 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
 And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
 Its loud Applause the Ocean rore.
 [Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this Triumph find a Voice.]

XVII. Long

XVII. Long Metre.

*The Majesty of GOD appearing in Defence of
his People.*

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice ;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth
In his Applause unite their Voice.

II.

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazzling Glory shrowd in State ;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

III.

Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance struck ;
His Lightnings set the World on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

IV.

The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford ;
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt
In Presence of th' almighty LORD.

V.

Confounded be their impious Hosts,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray ;
All who of Pageant-Idols boast,
To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

VI.

You who to serve this LORD aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem ;

He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

XVIII. Long Metre.

Divine Goodness adored.

I.

MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
GOD's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful Thanks express.

II.

'Tis he who all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickness makes thee sound;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

III.

The LORD abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
His willing Mercy flies apace.

IV.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
Delights his Punishments to guide
More by his Love than our Desert.

V.

As high as Heaven its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundless Grace transcends
The small Respects which we can pay.

VI.

Let every Creature jointly bless
The mighty LORD; and thou, my Heart,

With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

XIX. Long Metre.

A Psalm of Praise.

I.

BLESS GOD, my Soul, thou LORD alone
Poffest Empire without Bounds ;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty furrounds.

II.

With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take ;
Heav'n's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

III.

God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd ;
All joy to serve their Sovereign's Will.

V.

How various, LORD, thy Works are found,
For which thy Wisdom we adore ;
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

VI.

In praising God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;

And join Devotion to my Song,
Sincere as is in him my Joy.

XX. Long Metre.

*The final Prosperity and Happiness of the
Righteous.*

I.

O RENDER Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love ;
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

II.

Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless !
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise !

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

IV.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity !
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine !

V.

Let Israel's God be ever blest,
His Name eternally confest ;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud Amens—" Praise ye the LORD."

XXI. As the cxiiith Psalm.*The Majesty and Condescension of God.*

I.

YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
 The Triumphs of his Name record ;
 His sacred Name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
 Due Praise to his great Name address.

II.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
 The Regions of eternal Day
 But Shadows of his Glory are ;
 With him whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created Pow'r compare.

III.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care ;
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

XXII. As the cxlviiith Psalm.*Praise to God from the whole Creation.*

I.

YE boundless Realms of Joy
 Exalt your Maker's Fame ;
 His Praise your Song employ
 Above the starry Frame :

Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his Praise.

II.

Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day,
Ye glittering Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay :
His Praise declare
Ye Heavens above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

III.

Let them adore the LORD,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty Word
They all from nothing came :
And all shall last,
From Changes free ;
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

IV.

Let all of royal Birth,
And those of humble Frame,
And Judges of the Earth
His matchless Fame proclaim :
Fire, Hail and Snow,
And misty Air,
And Winds that where
He bids them, blow.

United Zeal be shewn
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise:
Earth's utmost Ends
His Power obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

XXIII. Common Metre.

The Greatness of God.

I.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;
My Work and Joy shall be the same
In the bright World above.

II.

Great is the LORD, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praise be great;
I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

III.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song
Shall join with chearful Voice.

IV.

Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

v.

Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
 Shall thro' the World be known;
 Thine Arm of Power, thy heav'nly State,
 With public Splendor shown.

vi.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands;
 Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
 And thy eternal Kingdom stands,
 Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

XXIV. Common Metre.

The Goodness of God.

i.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King;
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing.

ii.

GOD reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies;
 Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
 And ev'ry Want supplies.

iii.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On thee for daily Food;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

iv.

How kind are thy Compassions, LORD!
 How slow thine Anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,
 To cheer the Souls he loves.

v.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Power and Praise proclaim;
 But Saints, that taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name.

XXV. Short Metre.

Trust in GOD, and his Direction implored.

I.

TO GOD, in whom I trust,
 I lift my Heart and Voice;
 O let me not be put to Shame,
 Nor let my Foes rejoice!

II.

To me thy Truth impart,
 And lead me in thy Way,
 For thou art He that brings me Help,
 On thee I wait all Day.

III.

Thy Mercies and thy Love,
 O LORD, recal to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 As thou wert ever kind.

IV.

Let all my youthful Crimes
 Be blotted out by thee;
 And, for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,
 In Mercy think on me.

V.

His Mercy and his Truth
 The right'ous LORD displays,
 In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
 And teaching them his Ways.

VI.

He those in Justice guides,
 Who his Direction seek ;
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead
 The Humble and the Meek.

XXVI. Common Metre.

The Christian's Joy.

I.

ALL ye that love the LORD, rejoice,
 And let your Songs be new ;
 Amidst the Church with chearful Voice
 His later Wonders shew.

II.

The Jews, the People of his Grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing ;
 And Gentile Nations join the Praise,
 While Sion owns her King.

III.

The LORD takes Pleasure in the Just,
 Whom Sinners treat with Scorn ;
 The Meek, that lie despis'd in Dust,
 Salvation shall adorn.

IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
 E'en on a dying Bed ;
 And like the Souls in Glory sing,
 For GOD shall raise the Dead.

V.

When CHRIST his Judgment-seat ascends,
 And bids the World appear,
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
 Who humbly lov'd him here.

XXVII. Common Metre.

A Song of Praise.

I.

IN GOD's own House pronounce his Praise,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

II.

Let all your sacred Passions move,
While you rehearse his Deeds;
But the great Work of saving Love
Your highest Praise exceeds.

III.

All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul shall praise him best.

XXVIII. Common Metre.

For the LORD's Day Morning.

I.

LORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear
My Voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's Throne,
Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

Thou art a God before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

IV.

But to thy House will I resort
To taste thy Mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness !
Make every Path of Duty straight
And plain before my Face.

VI.

The Men that love and fear thy Name,
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

XXIX. Short Metre.

GOD'S Sovereignty and Goodness.

I.

O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine ;
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

II.

When to thy Works on high
I raise my wond'ring Eyes,
And see the Moon complete in Light,
Adorn the darksome Skies ;

III.

When I survey the Stars
In all their shining Forms;
LORD, what is Man, that worthless Thing,
Akin to Dust and Worms!

IV.

LORD, what is worthless Man,
That thou should'st love him so!
Next to thy Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

V.

Thy Honours crown his Head,
While Beasts like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fish that cleave the Sea.

VI.

How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways!
Of Dust and Worms thy Power can raise
A Monument of Praise.

VII.

O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

XXX. Long Metre.

The invisible Creator seen in his Works.

I.

THE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

III.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale;
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth.

IV.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

V.

What tho' in solemn Silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball;
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amidst their radiant Orbs be found;

VI.

In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

XXXI. As the cxiiith Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

Frame

GREAT GOD, the Heaven's well-order'd
Declares the Glories of thy Name;
There thy rich Works of Wonder shine;

A thousand starry Beauties there,
A thousand radiant Marks appear,
Of boundless Power and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wisdom read;
With silent Eloquence they raise
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

III.

Yet their divine Instructions run
Far as the Journies of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice;
The Sun, like some young Bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the Chambers of the East,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

Where'er he spreads his Beams abroad
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God;
All Nature joins to shew thy Praise:
Thus God in every Creature shines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

P A U S E.

V.

I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy those Leaves afford!
To Souls benighted and distressed!

Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way;
 Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray;
 Thy Promise leads my Heart to rest.

VI.

From the Discov'ries of thy Law,
 The perfect Rules of Life I draw;
 These are my Study and Delight:
 Not Honey so invites the Taste,
 Nor Gold that hath the Furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the Sight.

VII.

Thy Threatnings wake my slumb'ring Eyes,
 And warn me where my Danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, LORD,
 That makes my guilty Conscience clean;
 Converts my Soul, subdues my Sin,
 And gives a free, but large Reward.

VIII.

Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
 My GOD! forgive my secret Faults,
 And from presumptuous Sins restrain:
 Accept my poor Attempts of Praise;
 That I have read thy Book of Grace,
 And Book of Nature not in vain.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Victory over temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love thee, LORD, and we adore,
 Now is thine Arm reveal'd;
 Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tower,
 Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure Defence;
His holy Name our Souls invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God our Leader shines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms,
The Lightning of his Spear?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Aray
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And swift as Flames obey.

V.

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are dismay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

He forms our Generals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

VII.

Oft has the LORD whole Nations blest
For his own Church's sake;
The Pow'rs that give his People Rest,
Shall of his Care partake.

XXXIII. Long Metre.

Prayer and Hope in Time of War.

I.

NOW may the God of Power and Grace
 Attend his People's humble Cry;
 JEHOVAH hears when Israel prays,
 And brings Deliv'rance from on high.

II.

The Name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
 He from his Sanctuary sends
 Succour and Strength when Zion calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs,
 His Love exceeds our best Deserts;
 His Love accepts the Sacrifice
 Of humble Souls and contrite Hearts.

IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,
 And in the Name of Israel's God,
 Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,
 Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

V.

Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
 And some of Chariots make their Boasts;
 Our surest Expectations are
 From thee, the LORD of heav'nly Hosts.

VI.

Now save us, LORD, from slavish Fear;
 Now let our Hope be firm and strong;
 Till thy Salvation shall appear,
 And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

XXXIV. Common Metre.

GOD our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD himself, the mighty LORD,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant Care
My Wants are all supply'd.

II.

In tender Grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
Refreshing Water flows.

III.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
And, to his endless Praise,
Instructs with humble Zeal to walk
In his most righteous Ways.

IV.

I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,
From Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
Defend and comfort me.

V.

In Presence of my spiteful Foes,
He does my Table spread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
With Oil anoints my Head.

VI.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
Thro' all my Life extend;
That Life to him I will devote,
And in his Service spend.

XXXIV. Short Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd ;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

II.

He leads me to the Place
 Where heav'nly Pasture grows ;
 Where living Waters gently pass,
 And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my Soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right Way,
 For his most holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,
 I cannot yield to Fear ;
 Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

In spite of all my Foes
 Thou dost my Table spread ;
 My Cup with Blessings overflows,
 And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love
 Shall crown my following Days ;
 Nor from thy House will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

XXXIV. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

MY Shepherd is the living LORD ;
 Now shall my Wants be well supply'd ;
 His Providence and holy Word,
 Become my Safety and my Guide.

II.

In Pastures where Salvation grows,
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;
 There living Water gently flows,
 And all the Food's divinely blest.

III.

My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
 But he restores my Soul to Peace ;
 And leads me for his Mercy's sake
 In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

IV.

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale,
 Where Death and all its Terrors are,
 My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
 For God my Shepherd's with me there.

V.

Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps,
 Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay ;
 Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
 Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

VI.

Surely the Mercies of the LORD
 Attend his Household all their Days ;
 There will I dwell to hear his Word,
 To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.

XXXV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

I.

THIS spacious Earth is all the LORD's,
 The LORD her Fulness is ;
 The World, and they that dwell therein,
 By sov'reign Right are his.

II.

He fram'd and fix'd it in the Seas ;
 And his almighty Hand
 Upon inconstant Floods has made
 The stable Fabric stand.

III.

But for himself, this LORD of all
 One chosen Seat design'd ;
 O ! who shall to that sacred Hill
 Desir'd Admittance find ?

IV.

The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
 Whole Thoughts from Pride are free ;
 Who honest Poverty prefers
 To gainful Perjury.

V.

This, this is he, on whom the LORD
 Shall show'r his Blessings down ;
 Whom God his Father shall vouchsafe
 With Righteousness to crown.

VI.

Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
 The sacred Courts are trod ;
 And such the Profelytes that seek
 The Face of Jacob's God.

XXXV. Long Metre.

Heaven prepared for the Righteous.

I.

THIS spacious Earth is all the LORD's,
And Men and Worms, and Beasts and
He rais'd the Building on the Seas, (Birds;
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, LORD, above the Sky;
Who shall ascend that blest Abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God?

III.

He who abhors and fears to sin;
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean;
Him shall the LORD with Favour bless,
And perfect him in Righteousness.

IV.

Rejoice, ye shining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory's high:
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty LORD, the SAVIOUR's He.

V.

Ye heavenly Gates, your Leaves display,
To make the LORD, the SAVIOUR, Way;
Laden with Spoils of Earth and Hell,
The Conqueror comes with GOD to dwell.

VI.

Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before;
He opens Heav'n's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a blest Abode,
Near their Redeemer and their GOD.

XXXVI. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

GOD, who is good and just,
Will erring Souls instruct;
Their wand'ring Steps to the safe Paths
Of Virtue will conduct.

II.

The humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the Meek his Way;
Kindness and Truth express to such
As his just Laws obey.

III.

Encourag'd by thy Grace,
For Mercy I intreat;
Pardon my Sins, O LORD, that are
Both numerous and great!

IV.

Who is that happy Man
That fears the LORD above?
He'll ever lead him in the Ways
That he himself does love.

V.

Possess'd with quiet Thoughts,
His Soul shall dwell at Ease;
His Seed shall after him enjoy
Prosperity and Peace.

VI.

By those that fear the LORD,
His Secret's understood;
How he by a sure Cov'nant stands
Engag'd to do them Good.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. *Second Part.* Short Metre.*Divine Instruction.*

I.

WHERE shall the Man be found,
That fears t' offend his God ;
That loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod ?

II.

The LORD shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart ;
The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,
And all his Love impart.

III.

The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,
And love to do his Will.

IV.

Their Souls shall dwell at Ease
Before their Maker's Face ;
Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

XXXVII. Common Metre.

Prayer and Hope.

I.

WHEN us to seek thy glorious Face
Thou kindly dost advise,
" Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"
My grateful Heart replies.

D

II.

Then hide not thou thy Face, O LORD,
Nor me in Wrath reject ;
My GOD and SAVIOUR leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

III.

Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too,
Their helpless Charge forsake ;
Yet thou, whose Love excels them all,
Wilt Care and Pity take.

IV.

Instruct me in thy Paths, O LORD ;
My Ways directly guide ;
Lest envious Men, who watch my Steps,
Should see me tread aside.

V.

LORD, disappoint my cruel Foes ;
Defeat their ill Desire ;
Whose lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
Against my Peace conspire.

VI.

I trusted that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk,
With Sorrow compass'd round.

VII.

God's Time with patient Faith expect,
Who will inspire thy Breast
With inward Strength : Do thou thy Part,
And leave to Him the rest.

XXXVIII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sin.

I.

O BLESSED Souls are they
 Whose Sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest to whom the LORD
 Imputes their Guilt no more.

II.

They mourn their Follies past,
 And keep their Hearts with Care;
 Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
 Shall prove their Faith sincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring Wound,
 Till I confess'd my Sins to thee,
 And ready Pardon found.

IV.

Let Sinners learn to pray;
 Let Saints keep near the Throne;
 Our Help, in Times of deep Distress,
 Is found in GOD alone.

XXXIX. Common Metre.

Delight and Safety in GOD.

I.

THE LORD of Glory is my Light,
 And my Salvation too;
 God is my Strength, nor will I fear
 What all my Foes can do.

II.

One Privilege my Heart desires ;
 O grant me an Abode
 Among the Churches of thy Saints,
 The Temples of my God.

III.

There shall I offer my Requests,
 And see thy Beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
 And there inquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
 There may his Children hide ;
 God has a strong Pavilion, where
 He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Now shall my Head be lifted high,
 Above my Foes around ;
 And Songs of Joy and Victory
 Within thy Temple sound.

XL. Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

REJOICE ye Righteous in the LORD,
 This Work belongs to you ;
 Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
 How holy, just and true.

II.

His Mercy and his Righteousness,
 Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim ;
 His Works of Nature and of Grace
 Reveal his wond'rous Name.

III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word,
 The heav'nly Arches spread;
 And by the Spirit of the LORD
 Their shining Hosts were made.

IV.

He bid the liquid Waters flow
 To their appointed Deep;
 The flowing Seas their Limits know,
 And their own Station keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
 With Fear before him stand;
 He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
 And rests on his Command.

VI.

He scorns the angry Nations Rage,
 And breaks their vain Designs;
 His Counsel stands thro' every Age,
 And in full Glory shines.

XL. As the cxiiith Psalm.

Works of Nature and Grace.

I.

YE holy Souls, in GOD rejoice,
 Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice;
 Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
 Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,
 His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true.

II.

Justice and Truth he ever loves,
 And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
 His Word the heav'nly Arches spread :
 How wide they shine from North to South !
 And by the Spirit of his Mouth
 Were all the starry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
 Those wat'ry Treasures know their Place,
 In the vast Storehouse of the Deep :
 He spake, and gave all Nature Birth,
 And Fires and Seas, and Heaven and Earth,
 His everlasting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless Pow'r,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage :
 Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands,
 But his eternal Counsel stands,
 And rules the World from Age to Age.

XLI. Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints.

I.

LORD, I will bless thee all my Days,
 Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue;
 My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
 While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

II.

Come, magnify the LORD with me;
 Come, let us all exalt his Name ;

I fought th' eternal GOD, and he
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

III.

I told him all my secret Grief,
My secret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

IV.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heav'nly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies,
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

V.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that serve the LORD;
O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taste of his Grace, and trust his Word.

VI.

The wild young Lions, pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger, rore thro' all the Wood;
But none shall seek the LORD in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

XLII. Common Metre.

Peace and Holiness.

I.

COME, Children, learn to fear the LORD,
And, that your Days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

II.

Depart from Mischief, practise Love,
Pursue the Works of Peace;

So shall the LORD your Ways approve,
And set your Souls at Ease.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
The GOD of Grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the Sorrows here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too;
The LORD, who saves them all at last,
Is their Supporter now.

V.

Evil shall smite the Wicked dead,
But GOD secures his own;
Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

VI.

When Desolation, like a Flood,
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their GOD,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

XLIII. Long Metre.

The Being and Attributes of GOD.

I.

O LORD, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,
Above the heav'nly Orb ascends;
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope,
Beyond the spreading Sky extends!

II.

Thy Justice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;

Thy Providence the World sustains,
The whole Creation is thy Care.

III.

Since of thy Goodness all partake,
With what Assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection trust.

IV.

Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repast;
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that shall for ever last.

V.

With thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is eternal Day;
O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
To upright Hearts thy Truth display!

XLIII. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

I.

HIGH in the Heavens; eternal God!
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break thro' every Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

II.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands,
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;

The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My GOD, how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs!
The Sons of Adam in Distress
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Provisions of thy House
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

VI.

Life, like a Fountain rich and free,
Springs from the Presence of my LORD;
And in thy Light our Souls shall see
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

XLIV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

WHY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

II.

As flow'ry Grass cut down at Noon,
Before the Evening fades,
So shall their Glories vanish soon
In everlasting Shades.

III.

Then let me make the LORD my Trust,
And practise all that's Good;

So shall I dwell among the Just,
And he'll provide me Food.

IV.

I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Desires fulfil.

V.

Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

VI.

The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are giv'n.

P A U S E.

VII.

Rest in the LORD, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay
To punish haughty Vice.

VIII.

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and fume;
The LORD derides them, for he sees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

IX.

They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,

To slay the Men that fear the LORD,
And bring the Righteous low.

x.

My God shall break their Bows, and burn
Their persecuting Darts ;
Shall their own Swords against them turn,
And Pain surprise their Hearts.

XLIV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and the
Wicked.*

I.

MY God, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.

II.

The LORD delights to see their Ways,
Their Virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Man he loves.

III.

The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Blessings long to come.

IV.

Wait on the LORD, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain,
When Justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

V.

The haughty Sinner have I seen,
 Not fearing Man nor God,
 Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
 Spreading his Arms abroad.

VI.

And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
 Destroy'd by Hands unseen ;
 Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found,
 Where all that Pride hath been.

VII.

But mark the Man of Righteousness,
 His several Steps attend ;
 True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
 And peaceful is his End.

XLV. Common Metre.

In a Time of Sickness.

I.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
 Behold the Pains I feel ;
 But I am dumb before thy Throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy Will.

II.

Diseases are thy Servants, LORD,
 They come at thy Command ;
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word
 Against thy chast'ning Hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
 Remove thy sharp Rebukes ;

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My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Crush'd, as a Moth, beneath thy Hand,
We molder to the Dust ;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our Beauty's lost.

V.

I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy Summons hear.

VI.

But if my Life be spar'd a while,
Before my last Remove,
Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
And I'll declare thy Love.

XLVI. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

I.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame ;
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time ;
Man is but Vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the Noise is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

V.

What should I wish or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth and Dust?
They make our Expectations vain,
And disappoint our Trust.

VI.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Desires recall;
I give my mortal Int'rest up,
And make my God my All.

XLVII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

I.

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
Ere we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him present with his Aid.

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled Ocean rore,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide,

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While every Nation, every Shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream, whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God ;
Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That sacred Stream, thy holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls ;
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure against a threat'ning Hour ;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

XLVII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's Protection of his Church.

I.

LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty Voice ;
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

The LORD of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's GOD is still our Aid ;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Desolations he has made.

III.

From Sea to Sea, thro' all the Shores,
He makes the Noise of Battle cease ;

When from on high his Thunder rores,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

IV.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame:
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

V.

" Be still, and learn that I am God;
" I'll be exalted o'er the Lands:
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my Throne in Sion stands."

VI.

O LORD of Hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy Presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

XLVIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST *ascending and reigning.*

I.

O FOR a Shout of sacred Joy
To GOD the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

II.

JESUS our LORD ascends on high!
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the Sky,
With 'Trumpet's joyful Sound.

III.

While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;

Let all the Earth his Honours sing,
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song;
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

V.

In Israel stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taste his Grace.

VI.

The British Islands are the LORD's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

XLIX. Short Metre.

The Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

[GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.

II.

These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

III.

In Sion GOD is known
A Refuge in Distress;

How bright has his Salvation shone
Thro' all her Palaces?

IV.

When Kings against her join'd,
And saw the LORD was there,
In wild Confusion of the Mind
They fled with hasty Fear.

V.

When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our Peace,
He sends his Tempest roling loud,
And sinks them in the Seas.

VI.

Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often seen,
How well our GOD secures the Fold,
Where his own Sheep have been.

VII.

In ev'ry new Distress
We'll to his House repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And seek Deliv'rance there.

L. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The final Judgment.

I.

THE LORD the Judge, before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh;
The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the western Sky.

II.

No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne'er begin; ”

No more abuse his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our LORD shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way ;
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV.

Heav'n from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come ;
And Earth and Hell ſhall know and fear
His Juſtice and their Doom.

V.

But come, ye Friends of Righteouſneſs,
(Proclaims our bleſſed LORD)
And riſe with Triumph to poſſeſs
The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

VI.

Your Faith and Works brought forth to Light,
Shall make the World confeſs
My Sentence of Reward is right,
And Heav'n adore my Grace.

L. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Hypocrites condemned.

I.

WHEN CHRIST to Judgment ſhall deſcend,
And Saints ſurround their LORD,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

II.

Not for the Want of Bullocks ſlain
Will I the World reprove ;

Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain,
Without the Fire of Love.

III.

And what have Hypocrites to do
To bring their Sacrifice?
They call my Statutes just and true,
But deal in Theft and Lies.

IV.

Could you expect to 'scape my Sight,
And sin without controul?
But I shall bring your Crimes to light,
With Anguish in your Soul.

V.

Consider, ye that slight the LORD,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

LI. Long Metre.

The repenting Supplicant.

I.

O THOU that hear'st when Sinners cry!
'Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

II.

Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

III.

I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight;

Thy holy Joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His Help and Comfort still afford;
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Promise of thy Son.

V.

A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just;
Look down, O LORD, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die!

LI. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Confession of Sin.

I.

LORD, I would spread my fore Distress
And Guilt before mine Eyes!
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high my Crimes arise!

II.

I from the Stock of Adam came,
To sensual Good inclin'd;
Strong flows the Tide to fleshly Joys,
And weak th' opposing Mind.

III.

Cleanse me, O LORD, and chear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love!

O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove!

IV.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my sensual Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

V.

Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

LI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Repentance and Faith in CHRIST.

I.

O God of Mercy, hear my Call,
And all my Guilt remove!
Break down this separating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
And make thy Praise my Song.

III.

No Blood of Goats, nor Heifers slain,
Could moral Guilt atone;
The Grace of God in CHRIST accepts
True Penitents alone.

IV.

A Soul oppress'd with Sin's Desert,
My God will ne'er despise;

A humble Grone, a broken Heart,
Is our best Sacrifice.

LII. Short Metre.

Daily Devotion encouraged.

I.

LET Sinners take their Course,
And choose the road to Death;
But in the Worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily Breath.

II.

My Thoughts address his Throne,
When Morning brings the Light;
I seek his Blessing ev'ry Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal God!
While Sinners perish in Surprise
Beneath thy angry Rod.

IV.

Because they dwell at Ease,
And no sad Changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

V.

But I, with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the LORD;
I'll cast my Burden on his Arms,
And rest upon his Word.

VI.

His Arm shall well sustain,
The Children of his Love;

The

The Ground, on which their Safety stands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

LIII. Long Metre.

Trust and Hope in the divine Providence.

I.

THY Mercy, LORD, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,
Till this outrageous Storm is past.

II.

To thy Tribunal, LORD, I fly,
Thou sov'reign Judge and God most High,
Who Wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

III.

Be thou, O God, exalted high!
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

IV.

O GOD, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present;
And with my Heart my Voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.

V.

Awake, my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

VI.

Thy Praises, LORD, I will resound,
To all the list'ning Nations round;

E

Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

LIII. Long Metre.

Prayer and Praise for Protection.

I.

MY God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundless Love and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

II.

Up to the Heav'ns I send my Cry,
The LORD will my Desires perform;
He sends his Angel from the Sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning Storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

My Heart is fix'd; my Song shall raise
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

V.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;

Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

LIV. Long Metre.

Faith in the Power and Grace of God.

I.

MY Spirit looks to God alone ;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne :
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

II.

Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face ;
When Helpers fail and Foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

III.

False are the Men of high Degree ;
The baser Sort are Vanity :
Laid in the Balance both appear,
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Hearts on glitt'ring Dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?

V.

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
" All Power is his eternal Due ;
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."

VI.

For sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne ;

Thy Grace and Justice, mighty LORD,
Shall well divide our last Reward.

LV. Common Metre.

The Morning of a LORD's Day.

I.

EARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face ;
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing Grace.

II.

So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

III.

I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine ;
My GOD, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

IV.

Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

V.

Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

VI.

Thus till my last expiring Day,
I'll bless my God and King ;

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Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

LV. Long Metre.

The Love of God better than Life.

I.

GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The Glories that compose thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

II.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise;
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred Ties,
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

III.

With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As Travellers in thirsty Lands,
Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of sov'reign Grace.

V.

My Life itself without thy Love
No solid Pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the LORD.

VI.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise;

This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

LV. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

MY God, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early Cries prevail,
To taste thy Love-divine.

II.

Within thy Churches, LORD,
I long to find my Place ;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

III.

For Life without thy Love
No relish can afford ;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the LORD.

IV.

To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.

V.

Since thou hast been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

VI.

The Shadow of thy Wings,
My Soul in safety keeps ;

I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

LVI. Long Metre.

Divine Providence displayed in its Works.

I.

THE GOD of our Salvation hears
The Groans of Zion mixt with Tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.

II.

He bids the noisy Tempest cease ;
He calms the raging Crowds to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Wind, and loud as Waves.

III.

Behold, his Ensigns sweep the Sky !
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly ;
The Heathen Lands, with swift Surprise,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

IV.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice,
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and dress'd in Flowers.

V.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high
He gives the thirsty Ground Supply ;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

VI.

The Desert grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Valleys yield ;

The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

VII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine;
O'er every Field thy Glories shine:
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

LVI. *First Part.* Common Metre.

GOD bearing Prayer.

I.

PRAISE waits in Sion, LORD, for thee;
There shall our Vows be paid:
Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray;
All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

II.

LORD, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill
To conquer ev'ry Sin.

III.

Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy Face;
Give them a dwelling in thine House,
To feast upon thy Grace.

IV.

In answering what thy Church requests,
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness
Fulfil thy kind Design.

V.

Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see,
The LORD is good and just;

And distant Islands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Trust.

VI.

They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, LORD,
When Signs in Heav'n appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

LVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Divine Bounty crowns the Year.

I.

'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
God of eternal Power ;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to rore.

II.

The Morning Light and Evening Shade
Successive Comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

III.

Seasons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth and Air are thine ;
When Clouds distil in fruitful Showers,
The Author is divine.

IV.

Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky,
Born by the Winds around,
With wat'ry Treasures well supply
The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

The thirsty Ridges drink their fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear ;

Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,
Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

LVI. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Spring.

I.

GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care ;
Visits the Pastures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the Grass appear.

II.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their wat'ry Blessings from the Sky,
To cheer the thirsty Land.

III.

The soften'd Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to spring ;
The Valleys rich Provision yield,
And the poor Labourers sing.

IV.

The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs ;
The Meadows dress'd in all their Pride
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

V.

The barren Clods refresh'd with Rain
Promise a joyful Crop :
The parched Grounds look green again,
And raise the Reaper's Hope.

VI.

The various Months thy Goodness crowns ;
How bount'ous are thy Ways !

The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

LVII. Common Metre.

*Almighty Power conducts and guards the
Righteous.*

I.

SING, all ye Nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful Voice;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,
"How terrible art thou!"
Sinners before thy Presence fly,
Or at thy Feet they bow.

III.

Come, see the Wonders of our God!
How glorious are his Ways!
In Moses' Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And Triumph in their God.

V.

He rules by his resistless Might;
Will rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
Or tempt that dreadful War?

VI.

O bless our God, and never cease;
 Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;
 He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
 And guides our doubtful Ways.

LVIII, *First Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for Britain.

I.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
 With Beams of heav'nly Grace;
 Reveal thy Pow'r thro' all our Coasts,
 And shew thy smiling Face.

II.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
 Do thou our Glory stand;
 And like a Wall of guardian Fire
 Surround the favourite Land.

III.

When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
 Sound all the Earth abroad;
 And distant Nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God?

IV.

Sing to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
 Sing loud with solemn Voice;
 While British Tongues exalt his Praise,
 And British Hearts rejoice.

V.

He, the great LORD, the sov'reign Judge
 That sits enthron'd above,
 Wisely commands the Worlds he made,
 In Justice and in Love.

VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
 And yield a full Increase ;
 Our God will crown his chosen Isle
 With Fruitfulness and Peace.

VII.

GOD, the Creator, scatters round
 His choicest Favours here ;
 While the Creation's utmost Bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

LVIII. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

National Prosperity desired.

I.

TO bless thy chosen Race,
 In Mercy, LORD, incline ;
 And cause the Brightness of thy Face,
 On all thy Saints to shine.

II.

That so thy wond'rous Ways,
 May thro' the World be known ;
 While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
 And thy Salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring Nations join
 To celebrate thy Fame ;
 Let all the World, O LORD, combine,
 To praise thy glorious Name !

IV.

O let them shout and sing
 With Joy and pious Mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the Earth !

v.

Then shall the teeming Ground
 A large Increase disclose ;
 And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

vi.

Then God upon our Land
 Shall constant Blessings show'r ;
 And all the World in Awe shall stand
 Of his resistless Pow'r.

LIX. Long Metre.

Praise for temporal Blessings.

i.

WE bless the LORD, the Just, the Good,
 Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food ;
 Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
 And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

ii.

He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
 To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground ;
 He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
 Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

iii.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
 And all our near Escapes from Death ;
 Safety and Health to God belong,
 He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

iv.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
 The common Blessings of his Love ;
 But the wide Difference that remains
 Is endless Joy or dreadful Pains.

v.

The LORD that bruise'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread;
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

vi.

But his right Hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
Where they shall taste his special Love.

LX. Common Metre.

Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

i.

GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

ii.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years,
If God my Strength depart?

iii.

Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the surviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the Stage.

iv.

The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

P A U S E.

V.

Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy Deeds ;
 Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
 And all my Praise exceeds.

VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threatnings rore,
 And oft endur'd the Grief ;
 But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
 Thy Grace was my Relief.

VII.

By long Experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign Pow'r to save ;
 At thy Command I venture down
 Securely to the Grave.

VIII.

When I lie buried deep in Dust,
 My Flesh shall be thy Care ;
 These withering Limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

LXI. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Christian's Reflection and Hope.

I.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy Truth ;
 Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my Youth.

II.

My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Power,
 With all these Limbs of mine ;

And from my Mother's painful Hour,
I've been entirely thine.

III.

Still has my Life new Wonders seen,
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.

IV.

Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise;
And round me let thy Glory shine,
Whene'er thy Servant dies.

V.

Then in the History of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

LXI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

GOD our Portion here and hereafter.

I.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near;
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
When sinking in Despair.

II.

Thy Counsels, LORD, shall guide my Feet
Thro' this dark Wilderness;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

III.

Were I in Heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no Joy to me;

And whilst this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but thee.

IV.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Flesh and Heart should faint !
God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

V.

Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Prefence, die ;
Not all the Idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

VI.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet Employ ;
My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

LXII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain ;
Tho' Men of Vice may boast aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

II.

I saw the Wicked rise,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with scornful Eyes,
In Robes of Honour shine.

III.

Their impious Tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God ;

Their Malice blasts the good Man's Name,
And spreads their Lies abroad.

IV.

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to rise ;
“ Is there a God that sees or hears
“ The Things below the Skies ?”

V.

The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suspence,
Till to thy House my Feet were brought
To learn thy Justice thence.

VI.

Thy Word with Light and Pow'r,
Did my Mistakes amend ;
I view'd the Sinners Lives before,
But here I learnt their End.

VII.

On what a slippery Steep
The thoughtless Wretches go ;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below !

VIII.

LORD, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine ;
I call my God my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

LXIII. Common Metre.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

I.

TO GOD I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear ;

In the sad Day when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

II.

Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on God the Just and Wise,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

III.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgment o'er.

IV.

I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might withhold thy Grace.

V.

I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the LORD no more be kind,
His Face appear no more?

VI.

But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought,
Thy Hand is still the same.

LXIV. Long Metre.

The Kingdom of CHRIST.

I.

GREAT GOD, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,

Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne !

II.

Thy Scepter well becomes his Hands ;
All Heav'n submits to his Commands ;
His Justice shall protect the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

III.

With Pow'r he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust ;
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down ;
His Grace on fainting Souls distils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirsty Hills.

V.

The Heathen Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of over-spreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dress'd in the Robes of Joy and Praise ;
Peace, like a River, from his Throne,
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

LXV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Pleasure of public Worship.

I.

O God of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the Place

Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!

II.

My longing Soul faints with Desire
To view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out,
For thee the living God.

III.

O LORD of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display!

IV.

Thrice happy they, whose Choice hath thee
Their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
That to thy Dwelling lead.

V.

Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy Mount,
Before their God appear.

LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Advantages of public Worship.

I.

O WHAT a pleasant Work it is
To praise the LORD above;
Morning and Ev'ning to proclaim
His Faithfulness and Love!

II.

Great are thy Works, and thy Designs
Contain the deepest Sense;

Tho' wicked Men and Fools mistake
Thy Ways of Providence.

III.

They spring and flourish like the Grass,
With good Success o'erjoy'd,
And only grow to be mow'd down,
And utterly destroy'd.

IV.

But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
Or stately Cedars, grow ;
For planted in thy Courts they're fed
With Springs that ever flow.

V.

There they are fair and ever thrive,
And still more Fruit shall bring ;
Age, that makes other Things decay,
Makes them more flourishing.

VI.

Thus God appears to all the World
To be both good and just ;
No Falseness can be charg'd on him,
Who is my Rock and Trust.

LXVI. As the cxlviiith Psalm.

Delight in Public Worship.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are.

To thine Abode
My Heart aspires,
With warm Desires
To see my G O D.

II.

O happy Souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men, that pay
Their constant Service there!

They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Sion's Hill.

III.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet.

IV.

To spend one sacred Day,
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thousand Days beside.

Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door,
Than shine in Courts.

v.

The LORD his People loves ;
 His Hand no Good withholds
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls :

Thrice happy he,
 O GOD of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

LXVII. Common Metre.

The Power and Majesty of GOD.

I.

WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
 And bow before the LORD ;
 His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
 And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be !
 How bright thy Armies shine !
 Where is the Pow'r that vies with thee,
 Or Truth compar'd with thine ?

III.

The Northern Pole and Southern rest
 On thy supporting Hand ;
 Darkness and Day from East to West
 Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controll,
 And rule the boist'rous Deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
 The rolling Billows sleep.

F

v.

Heav'n, Earth and Air, and Sea are thine,
 And the dark World of Hell;
 How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel?

vi.

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
 While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy Face.

LXVIII. As the cxiiith Psalm.

Death and the Resurrection.

i.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man;
 How few his Hours! how short his Span!
 Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
 Who can secure his vital Breath
 Against the bold Arrests of Death,
 With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to save?

ii.

LORD, shall it be for ever said,
 The Race of Man was only made
 For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust!
 Are not thy Servants Day by Day
 Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
LORD, where's thy Kindness to the Just?

iii.

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
 And all his Seed a heav'nly Crown?
 But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair:

For ever blessed be the LORD,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.

IV.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who gives his Saints a large Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain :
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

LXIX. Long Metre.

Man mortal, God Eternal.

I.

THRO' every Age, eternal God,
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode :
High was thy Throne, ere Heav'n was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footstool laid.

II.

Long hadst thou reign'd ere Time began,
Or Dust was fashion'd into Man ;
And long thy Kingdom shall endure,
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Subject to Guilt and Vanity ;
Thy dreadful Sentence, LORD, was just,
" Return, ye Sinners, to your Dust."

IV.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away ; our Life's a Dream,
An empty Tale, a Morning Flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

v.

Teach us, O LORD, how frail is Man,
And kindly lengthen out our Span;
Till a wise Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

LXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.
Frailty and Vanity of human Life.

I.

LORD, if thy Eyes survey our Faults,
And Justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thy Anger turns our Frame to Dust;
By one Offence to thee,
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

III.

Life, like a vain Amusement, flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

How few are they whose Days amount
To threescore Years and Ten!
And all beyond that short Account,
Is Sorrow, Toil and Pain.

v.

[Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the heavy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life,
Along the tiresom Road.]

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone ;
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne !

VII.

Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art
T' improve the Hours we have ;
That we may act the wiser Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

LXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

I.

RETURN, O GOD of Love, return !
Earth is a tiresom Place ;
How long shall we thy Children mourn
Our absence from thy Face ?

II.

Let Heav'n succeed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow cease ;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increase.

III.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants show,
Make thy own Work compleat ;
Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

IV.

Then shall we shine before thy Throne,
In all thy Goodness, LORD ;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

LXX. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

I.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame!
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the Name!

II.

Alas! the brittle Clay
That built our Body first!
And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day
'Tis mould'ring back to Dust.

III.

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes stay;
Just like a Flood our hasty Days,
Are sweeping us away.

IV.

Well, if our Days must fly,
We'll keep their End in sight;
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
And let them speed their Flight.

V.

They'll waft us sooner o'er
This Life's tempestuous Sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
Of blest Eternity.

LXXI. Long Metre.

For the LORD's Day.

I.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King;
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing;
To shew thy Love by Morning-Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

My Heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

III.

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
Blast them in everlasting Death.

IV.

But I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart;
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
And nothing break my Peace again.

V.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd, or hop'd below;
And every Pow'r find sweet Employ,
In that eternal World of Joy.

LXXII. Long Metre.

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

I.

HE that hath made his Refuge God,
Shall find a most secure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night shall rest his Head.

II.

Then will I say, " My God, thy Pow'r
" Shall be my Fortress and my Tower :
" I, that am form'd of feeble Dust,
" Make thy almighty Arm my Trust."

III.

Thrice happy Man ! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare ;
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.

IV.

Just as a Hen protects her Brood
From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood,
Under her Feathers, so the LORD
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

V.

If burning Beams of Noon conspire
To dart a pestilential Fire ;
God is their Life, his Wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful Shade.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight Death,
Israel is safe ; the poison'd Air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

P A U S E.

VII.

What tho' a thousand at thy Side,
At thy right Hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

VIII.

So when he sent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their Sons ; his careful Eye
Past all the Doors of Jacob by.

IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commission from the LORD,
To strike his Saints among the rest,
Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

X.

The Sword, the Pestilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their best Desire ;
From Sins and Sorrows set them free,
And bring thy Children, LORD, to thee.

LXXIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

I.

YE Islands of the Northern Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Presence sinks the proudest Hills,
And makes the Valleys rise ;

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The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-gods around
Fill their own Worshippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire;
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

VI.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

LXXIV. Common Metre.

The MESSIAH's Coming and Kingdom.

I.

JOY to the World, the LORD is come;
Let Earth receive her King:
Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns ;
 Let Men their Songs employ, [Plains,
 While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and
 Repeat the founding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
 Nor Thorns infest the Ground ;
 He comes to make his Blessings flow
 Far as the Curse is found.

IV.

He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
 And makes the Nations prove
 The Glories of his Righteousness,
 And Wonders of his Love.

LXXV. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed.

I.

I WILL extol thee, LORD, on high ;
 At thy Command Diseases fly ;
 Who but a God can speak and save
 From the dark Borders of the Grave ?

II.

Sing to the LORD, ye Saints of his,
 And tell how large his Goodness is ;
 Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bless,
 While you record his Holiness.

III.

His Anger but a Moment stays ;
 His Love is Life and Length of Days ;
 Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
 The Morning-Star restores the Joy.

LXXV. *Second Part.**Healib, Sicknefs and Recovery.*

I.

FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
 And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
 Fondly I said within my Heart,
 "Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart."

II.

But I forgot thy Arm was strong,
 Which made my Mountain stand so long;
 Soon as thy Face began to hide,
 My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

III.

I cry'd aloud to thee, my GOD;
 "What canst thou profit by my Blood?
 "Deep in the Dust can I declare
 "Thy Truth, or sing thy Goodness there?"

IV.

"Hear me, O GOD of Grace, I said,
 "Nor let me sink among the Dead:"
 Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

V.

My Groines, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
 Are turn'd to Joy and Praises now;
 I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
 And Ease and Gladness gird me round.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy Name;
 Thy Praise shall sound thro' Earth and Heav'n,
 For Sicknefs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

LXXVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Death.

I.

INTO thy Hand, O GOD of Truth,
My Spirit I commit ;
Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And sav'd me from the Pit !

II.

The Passions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain and Sin conspir'd
To take away my Life.

III.

My Times are in thy Hand, I cry'd,
Tho' I draw near the Dust ;
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The GOD in whom I trust.

IV.

O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant shine,
And save me for thy Mercy' sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

P A U S E.

V.

'Twas in my Haste, my Spirit said,
" I must despair and die,
" I am cut off before thy Eyes ;"
But thou hast heard my Cry.

VI.

Thy Goodness, how divinely free !
How wond'rous is thy Grace

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To those that fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy Promises!

VII.

O love the LORD, all ye his Saints,
And sing his Praises loud ;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompence the Proud.

LXXVII. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the LORD, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the LORD Renown and Pow'r;
Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

II.

The LORD proclaims his Pow'r aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land ;
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

III.

He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind,
Lay the wide Forest bare around ;
The fearful Hart and frightened Hind
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

IV.

The LORD sits Sov'reign on the Flood ;
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King ;
But makes his Church his blest Abode,
Where we his awful Glories sing.

V.

In gentler Language there the LORD
The Counsel of his Grace imparts ;

Amidst the raging Storm, his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-seat.

I.

WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put thy Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll sing thy Majesty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

III.

Then shall the LORD a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppressed;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Rest.

IV.

The Men that know thy Name will trust
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the Just,
Who humbly seek thy Face.

V.

Sing Praises to the righteous LORD,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threatening Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

LXXIX. Common Metre.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

I.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for Blood,
 The humble Souls that mourn in Dust
 Shall find a faithful God.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death
 Does his own Children raise;
 In Zion's Gates with chearful Breath
 They sing their Father's Praise.

III.

His Foes shall fall with heedless Feet
 Into the Pit they made;
 And Sinners perish in the Net
 That their own Hands have spread.

IV.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
 Are thy deep Counsels known;
 When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,
 The Snare must be their own.

LXXX. Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and the Righteous saved.

I.

WHY doth the LORD stand off so far?
 And why conceal his Face,
 When great Calamities appear,
 And Times of deep Distress?

II.

LORD, shall the Wicked still deride
 Thy Justice and thy Pow'r?

Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And still thy Saints devour?

III.

They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then insult the Poor ;
They boast in their exalted Height,
That they shall fall no more.

IV.

Arise, O God, lift up thy Hand,
Attend our humble Cry ;
No Enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

LXXXI. Common Metre.

God the Refuge of his People.

I.

WHY do the Men of Malice rage,
And say with foolish Pride,
“ The God of Heav’n will ne’er engage
“ To fight on Zion’s Side.”

II.

But thou for ever art our LORD ;
And pow’rful is thy Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And perish’d from thy Land.

III.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cause thy Ear to hear ;
He hearkens what his Children say,
And puts the World in Fear.

IV.

Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the Just ;

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And mighty Sinners shall confess
They are but Earth and Dust.

LXXXII. Long Metre.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

THE LORD in Heav'n hath fix'd his Throne,
His Eye surveys the World below ;
To him all mortal Things are known,
His Eyelids search our Spirits thro'.

II.

If he afflicts his Saints so far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear ?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

III.

On impious Wretches he shall rain
Tempests of Brimstone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of Sodom with his angry Breath.

IV.

The righteous LORD loves righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men who his own Image bear.

LXXXIII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD for bearing Prayer.

I.

NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
Which heard the long Requests I made
In my distressful Hour.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
 To make his Mercies known ;
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The Wonders he hath done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
 I fought his heav'nly Aid ;
 He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
 And Death's eternal Shade.

IV.

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
 While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
 The LORD had shewn me no Regard,
 Nor I his Praises sung.

V.

But GOD, his Name be ever blest,
 Hath set my Spirit free ;
 Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
 Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Public Worship delightful.

I.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O LORD of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
 With long Desire my Spirit faints,
 To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Flesh would rest in thy Abode,
 My panting Heart cries out for God ;
 My God, my King, why should I be
 So far from all my Joys and thee ?

III.

Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
 Around thy Throne of Majesty ;
 Thy brightest Glories shine above,
 And all their Work is Praise and Love.

IV.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
 Within the Temple of thy Grace ;
 There they behold thy gentler Rays,
 And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

V.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set,
 To find the Way to Sion's Gate ;
 God is their Strength, and thro' the Road
 They lean upon their Helper, God.

LXXXV. Long Metre.

GOD present in his Church.

I.

GREAT GOD, attend while Sion sings
 The Joy that from thy Presence springs ;
 To spend one Day with thee on Earth
 Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

II.

Might I enjoy the meanest Place
 Within thy House, O God of Grace !
 Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Pow'r
 Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

GOD is our Sun, he makes our Day ;
 GOD is our Shield, he guards our Way
 From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,
 From Foes without and Foes within.

IV.

All needful Grace will God bestow,
 And crown that Grace with Glory too ;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

O God, our King, whose sov'reign Sway
 The glorious Hosts of Heav'n obey,
 And Devils at thy Presence flee,
 Blest is the Man that trusts in thee !

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptation.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face,
 My God, how long delay ?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly Rays
 That chase my Fears away ?

II.

See how the Prince of Darkness tries
 All his malicious Arts,
 He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
 And throws his fiery Darts.

III.

Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield ;
 My Soul in Safety keep ;
 Make haste before my Eyes are seal'd
 In Death's eternal Sleep.

IV.

How would the Tempter boast aloud
 If I become his Prey !
 Behold, the Sons of Hell grow proud
 At thy so long Delay.

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v.

But they shall fly at thy Rebuke,
And Satan hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

vi.

Thou wilt display that sov'reign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
And Vict'ry shall be sung.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Mercies of GOD recorded.

i.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

ii.

He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace:
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Thro' ev'ry rising Race.

iii.

Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs;
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

iv.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Punishment of Luxury.

I.

WHEN Israel sins, the LORD reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread ;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treasures known ;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

III.

The Manna like a Morning Show'r
Lay thick around their Feet ;
The Corn of Heav'n, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

IV.

But they in murmuring Language said,
" Manna is all our Feast ;
" We lothe this light, this airy Bread ;
" We must have Flesh to taste."

V.

" Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,"
The LORD in Wrath reply'd ;
And sent them Quails like Sand or Dust,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

VI.

He gave them all their own Desire ;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

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VII.

Oft he chafis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand,
The Nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd Land.

LXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.
The Faithfulness of God.

I.

MY never-ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the LORD ;
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

II.

The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure ;
And if he speak a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.

III.

How long the Race of David held
The promis'd Jewish Throne !
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

IV.

His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies ;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.

V.

LORD GOD of Hosts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are sung by Saints above ;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Gospel.

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound ;
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

II.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
His Promises exalt their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The LORD our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives ;
Israel, thy KING for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

XC. Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

I.

REMEMBER, LORD, our mortal State,
How frail our Life, how short the Date !
Where is the Man that draws his Breath,
Safe from Disease, secure from Death ?

II.

LORD, while we see whole Nations die,
Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry,
" Must Death for ever rage and reign ?
" Or hast thou made Mankind in-vain ?"

III.

Where is thy Promise to the Just ?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust ?

G

But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.

IV.

That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word.
Awake, our Souls and bless the LORD.

XC. Common Metre.

Man frail and God eternal.

I.

OUR God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

II.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

III.

Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless Years the same.

IV.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
"Return, ye Sons of Men:"
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

V.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;

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Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

VI.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

VII.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,
Pleas'd with the Morning-Light ;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie withering ere 'tis Night.

XCI. Long Metre.

God's protecting Providence.

I.

HE that hath God for his Retreat,
Hath gain'd a safe and quiet Seat ;
For God's o'erspreading Providence
Will, like a Shade, be his Defence.

II.

To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly,
On him my pow'rful God rely ;
When noisom Plagues infect the Air,
He'll save me from the secret Snare.

III.

His Care, like Wings, shall Safety yield,
His faithful Promise be thy Shield ;
So that no Dangers in the Night
Shall seize thee with a sudden Fright.

IV.

Since thou hast made the LORD most high
Thy Refuge and Security,

No Evil shall thy Peace molest,
No Plague thy Dwelling shall infest.

v.

“ Because he knows and fears my Name,
“ I’ll honour him, and raise his Fame;
“ When he invokes me in his Need,
“ I’ll hear, and answer him with Speed.”

XCII. Long Metre.

The Advantage of Public Worship.

I.

LORD, ’tis a pleasant Thing to stand
In Gardens planted by thy Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be seen,
Like a young Cedar fresh and green.

II.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Blest with thine Influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its Trees
Yields such a comely Sight as these.

III.

The Plants of Grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but Grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

IV.

Laden with Fruits of Age they shew,
The LORD is holy, just and true;
None that attend his Gates shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

XCIII. Long Metre.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might;
The World, created by his Hands,
Still on its first Foundation stands.

II.

But ere this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundation laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thy Self the ever-living God.

III.

Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

IV.

For ever shall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

XCIV. As the cxxii^d Psalm.*God's Supreme Dominion.*

I.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands
The World securely stands ;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word ;
Thy Throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry Sky ;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, LORD.

III.

In vain the noisy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and rore ;
In vain with angry Spite
The surly Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky ;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down :
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

V.

Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new,
There fix'd, thy Church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thy everlasting Love.

VI.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky ;

The Terrors of thy Frown
 Shall beat their Madness down ;
 Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

XCV. Long Metre.

*CHRIST reigning in Heaven, and coming
 to Judgment.*

I.

HE reigns; the LORD, the Saviour reigns!
 Praise him in evangelic Strains :
 Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
 And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

Deep are his Counsels and unknown,
 But Grace and Truth support his Throne ;
 Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
 Justice is their eternal Ground.

III.

In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
 Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs ;
 Before him burns devouring Fire,
 The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

IV.

His Enemies with fore Dismay,
 Fly from the Sight and shun the Day ;
 Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
 And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

XCVI. Proper Tune.

Universal Praise to GOD.

[As the cxiiith Psalm, leaving out the two last Lines
 in each Stanza.]

LET all the Earth their Voices raise,
 To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
 To sing and bless JEHOVAH's Name :

His Glory let the Heathens know,
 His Wonders to the Nations shew,
 And all his saving Works proclaim.
 [Wonders of Grace to God belong,
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

II.

The Heathens know thy Glory, LORD;
 The wond'ring Nations read thy Word.
 In Britain is JEHOVAH known:
 Our Worship shall no more be paid
 To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
 Our Maker is our God alone.
 [Give to our GOD immortal Praise,
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
 He made the shining Worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in Glory there:
 His Beams are Majesty and Light;
 His Beauties, how divinely bright!
 His Temple, how divinely fair!
 [Wonders of Grace to God belong,
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
 When Earth shall feel his saving Pow'r,
 And barbarous Nations fear his Name;
 Then shall the Race of Man confess
 The Beauty of his Holiness,
 And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.
 [Give to our GOD immortal Praise,
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

XCVII. Common Metre.

The Power, Holiness, Truth and Justice of God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
The guilty Nations quake ;
On Cherubs Wings he sits enthron'd ;
Let Earth's Foundations shake.

II.

On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
His Palace makes her Tow'rs ;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

III.

Let therefore all with Praise address
His great and dreadful Name,
And with his unresisted Might
His Holiness proclaim.

IV.

For Truth and Justice, in his Reign,
Of Strength and Pow'r take place ;
His Judgments are with Righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's Race.

V.

Therefore exalt the LORD our God ;
Before his Footstool fall ;
And with his unresisted Might
His Holiness extol.

VI.

With Worship at his sacred Courts,
Exalt our GOD and LORD ;
For He, who only Holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

XCVIII. Long Metre.

GOD's unchangeable Goodness.

I.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy,
 Well may thy Praise our Lips employ;
 While in thy Temple we appear,
 Whose Goodness crowns the circling Year.

II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
 Thy Hand supports the steady Pole;
 The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

III.

Seasons and Months, and Weeks and Days,
 Demand successive Songs of Praise;
 Still be the chearful Homage paid,
 With op'ning Light, and ev'ning Shade.

IV.

O may our more harmonious Tongues
 In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs!
 And in those brighter Courts adore,
 When Days and Years revolve no more.

XCIX. Short Metre.

GOD to be worshipped with Reverence.

I.

EXALT the LORD our GOD,
 And worship at his Feet;
 His Nature is all Holiness,
 And Mercy is his Seat.

II.

When Israel was his Church,
 When Aaron was his Priest;

When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his People rest.

III.

Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

IV.

Exalt the LORD our GOD
Whose Grace is still the same;
Still he's a GOD of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

C. Long Metre.

Praise to our Creator.

I.

WITH one Consent let all the Earth
To GOD their chearful Voices raise;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And sing before him Songs of Praise.

II.

Convinc'd that he is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

III.

O enter then his Temple Gates!
Thence to his Courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
And still his Name with Praises bless.

IV.

For he's the LORD, supremely good,
His Mercy is for ever sure;

His Truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless Ages shall endure.

C. Long Metre.

Praise to our Creator.

I.

SING to the LORD with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The British Isles shall send the Noise
Across the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

Nations, attend before his Throne,
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

III.

His sov'reign Pow'r without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame;
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name!

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'n our Voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love;

Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

CI. Common Metre.

The good Man's Resolution.

I.

OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my God my Vows ;
Thy Grace and Justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my House.

II.

Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thy Eyes.

III.

The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong
By Falshood or by Force,
The scornful Eye, the stand'rous Tongue,
I'll thrust them from my Doors.

IV.

I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy ;
These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

V.

The Wretch that deals in sly Deceit
I'll not endure a Night ;
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

VI.

I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee ;

So shall my House be ever found
A Dwelling fit for thee.

CII. Common Metre.

Address to God in Affliction.

I.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But answer, lest I die!
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

II.

My Days are wasted like the Smoke
Dissolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

III.

My Spirits flag, like with'ring Grass
Burnt with excessive Heat;
In secret Groves, my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

Dark dismal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breast;
While sharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Rest.

V.

But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.

VI.

He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways,

Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

CII. Long Metre.

The Mutability of the Creation.

I.

GREAT Former of this various Frame!
Our Souls adore thy awful Name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal Days.

II.

Our Days a transient Period run,
And change with ev'ry circling Sun;
And in the firmest State we boast
A Moth can crush us into Dust.

III.

But let the Creatures fall around;
Let Death consign us to the Ground;
Let the last gen'ral Flame arise,
And melt the Arches of the Skies:

IV.

Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we
Can all the Wreck of Nature see;
While Grace secures us an Abode,
Unshaken as the Throne of God.

CIII. Common Metre.

The Compassion of GOD to Mankind.

I.

AFATHER's Pity to his Child
Than GOD's is lesser far;
For he considers our weak Frame,
And knows that Dust we are.

II.

Man's Days are like the Grass or Flow'r,
 Fresh when its newly blown,
 But fades with ev'ry blasting Wind,
 Whose Place no more is known.

III.

But God is true and ever kind
 To good Men and their Race ;
 Those that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
 His Favour will embrace.

IV.

Circled with Light, the LORD hath plac'd
 His Throne in Heav'n above,
 Whose sov'reign Empire does extend
 O'er all that live and move.

V.

Bless God, ye Angels, who in Strength
 And Services transcend !
 Bless him, ye Hosts and Ministers,
 Who all his Will attend !

VI.

All ye his Works, 'in ev'ry Place,
 Subject to his controul,
 Bless ye your Maker ; and with them
 Join in his Praise, my Soul.

CIII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's tender Mercy to his People.

I.

BLESS thou the LORD, my Soul ; his Name
 Let all the Pow'rs within me bless ;
 O let not his past Favours I'e
 Forgotten in Unthankfulness !

II.

'Tis he that pardons all thy Sins;
 He that in Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
 'Tis he redeems thee from the Grave,
 And ſtill thy Life with Love is crown'd.

III.

'Tis he that fills thy Mouth with good,
 And all thy juſt Deſires ſupplies;
 Who, like the Eagles, makes thy Age
 To a renewed Youth ariſe.

IV.

Abundant Mercies flow from God;
 Love is his Nature and Delight;
 Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he chides,
 He means not to deſtroy us quite.

V.

His Anger, in its riſe and ſtay,
 From Rules of Juſtice never ſwerves;
 And when he puniſhes our Faults,
 The Meaſure's leſs than Sin deſerves.

VI.

As Heav'n is far above the Earth,
 So his Rewards exceed our Love;
 Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt,
 His Pardon does our Sins remove.

CIII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle Chaiſement.

I.

THE LORD, how wond'rous are his Ways!
 How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
 He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
 And thence he makes his Glories known.

II.

Not half so high his Pow'r hath spread
The starry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,
Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.

III.

Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
The rising Morning from the West,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of those he loves.

IV.

How slowly doth his Wrath arise !
On swifter Wings Salvation flies ;
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How soon his Frowns to Pity turn !

V.

Amidst his Wrath Compassion shines ;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins ;
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

VI.

So Fathers their young Sons chastise,
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes ;
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

P A U S E .

VII.

The mighty God, the Wise and Just,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Dust ;
And will no heavy Loads impose,
Beyond the Strength that he bestows.

VIII.

He knows how soon our Nature dies,
 Blasted by ev'ry Wind that flies;
 Like Grass we spring, and die as soon,
 Or Morning-Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

IX.

But his eternal Love is sure
 To all the Saints, and shall endure;
 From Age to Age his Truth shall reign,
 Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

CIII. *First Part.* Short Metre.
Praise for Temporal and Spiritual Mercies.

I.

O BLESS the LORD, my Soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
 Whose Favours are divine.

II.

O bless the LORD, my Soul!
 Nor let his Mercies lie
 Forgotten in Unthankfulness,
 And without Praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy Pains;
 'Tis he that heals thy Sickneses,
 And makes thee young again.

IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love,
 When ransom'd from the Grave;
 He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
 Hath sov'reign Pow'r to save.

v.

He fills the Poor with Good ;
 He gives the Sufferers Rest ;
 The LORD hath Judgments for the Proud,
 And Justice for th' Opprest.

vi.

His wond'rous Works and Ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the World his Truth and Grace
 By his beloved Son.

CIII. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

The Compassion of God.

I.

MY Soul, repeat his Praise
 Whose Mercies are so great ;
 Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide ;
 And when his Strokes are felt,
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
 And lighter than our Guilt.

III.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the Ground we tread,
 So far the Riches of his Grace
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Pow'r subdues our Sins,
 And his forgiving Love,
 Far as the East is from the West,
 Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the LORD,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger like a rising Wind
Can send us swift to Death.

VII.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning-Flow'r;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

VIII.

But thy Compassions, LORD,
To endless Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

CIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

I.

MY Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When, cloth'd in his celestial Rays,
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

II.

Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
His Ministers, are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

III.

The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Left it should drown the Earth again.

IV.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

V.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills and drench the Plains.

VI.

God from his cloudy Cisterns pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs ;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

VII.

O bless his Name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread !
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

CIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

GOD *the Governor of the Universe.*

I.

VAST are thy Works, almighty LORD !
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

II.

While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good ;
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and Praise in different Forms.

III.

But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their Dust return ;
Both Man and Beast their Souls resign ;
Life, Breath and Spirit, all is thine.

IV.

Yet thou canst breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men ;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

V.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight ;
How awful are his glorious Ways !
The LORD is dreadful in his Praise.

VI.

The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke ;
Yet humble Souls may see thy Face,
And tell their Wants to sov'reign Grace.

VII.

In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
And make my Meditations sweet ;
Thy Praises shall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endless Joy.

CV. Common Metre.

Pleasure in Divine Worship.

I.

O LET us all give Thanks to God,
 And call upon his Name!
 His gracious and his mighty Works,
 To all the World proclaim.

II.

Let us in Songs and sacred Hymns,
 Our great Creator bless,
 And what his pow'rful Hand hath wrought,
 Our joyful Tongues express.

III.

Count it your Honour that ye know,
 And bear his sacred Name;
 And when you worship this great LORD,
 Take Pleasure in the same.

IV.

Within his Sanctuary let
 Your Pray'rs to him be made;
 Your Hopes upon his Favour rest,
 And his almighty Aid.

V.

O let the Works that he hath done,
 Your Admiration move!
 Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
 And Wonders of his Love.

VI.

We glory that this mighty LORD,
 Us for his People owns;
 Whose Judgments make th' amazed Earth,
 To tremble when he frowns.

VII. His

VII.

His Cov'nant with his People made
 He ever call'd to mind ;
 And will his Promises fulfil
 To Ages still behind.

CVI. Long Metre.

G O D adored for his Goodness.

I.

TO God the great, the ever-blest,
 Let Songs of Honour be address'd ;
 His Mercy firm for ever stands,
 Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

II.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways ?
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise ?
 Blest are the Souls that fear thee still,
 And pay their Duty to thy Will.

III.

Remember what thy Mercy did
 For Jacob's Race, thy chosen Seed ;
 And with the same Salvation bless
 The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

IV.

O may I see thy Tribes rejoice,
 And aid their Triumphs with my Voice !
 This is my Glory, LORD, to be
 Join'd to thy Saints, and near to thee.

CVI. Short Metre.

G O D's unchangeable Love.

I.

GOD of eternal Love,
 How fickle are our Ways !

H

And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy Constancy of Grace!

II.

They saw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praise they sung;
But soon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

III.

Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Lusts provoke the LORD,
And he reduc'd them low.

IV.

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans,
Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them still his Sons.

V.

Their Names were in his Book,
He sav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The People that he chose.

VI.

Let Israel bless the LORD,
Who lov'd their ancient Race;
And Christians join the solemn Word
AMEN to all the Praise.

CVII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's wonderful Works to the Children of Men.

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD, he reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;

His Mercy Ages past have known,
And Ages long to come shall own.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the LORD,
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Israel, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

In their Distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right Path to Canaan's Ground.

IV.

Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain,
We have this desert World to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresom Place.

V.

He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

VI.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodness of the LORD!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

CVII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.
Providential Deliverances.

I.

WOULD you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad?

Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

II.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And seize the Favour of the Wind ;
Till God commands, and Tempests rise
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

III.

Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful Deeps again ;
What strange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring Drunkard reel !

IV.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Lost to all Hope, to God they cry ;
His Mercy hears the loud Address,
And sends Salvation in Distress.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage ;
The furious Waves forget their Rage ;
'Tis calm ; and Sailors smile to see
The Haven where they wish'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodness of the LORD !
Let them their private Off'rings bring,
And in the Church his Glory sing.

CVII. Common Metre.

God the Preserver to be adored.

I.

THY Works of Glory, mighty LORD,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,

The Sons of Courage shall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
And sink in op'ning Graves.

III.

Then to the LORD they raise their Cries;
He hears the loud Request,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to rest.

IV.

Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
And see the Storm allay'd;
Now to their Eyes the Port appears,
There let their Vows be paid.

V.

'Tis God that brings them safe to Land;
Let stupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

VI.

O that the Sons of Men would praise
The Goodness of the LORD!
And those that see thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record.

CVIII. Long Metre.

Nations blest and punished.

I.

WHEN GOD, provok'd with daring Crimes
Scourges the Madness of the Times,

He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

II.

His Word can raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green ;
Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,
Make Harvests in the Deserts rise.

III.

[Thus they are blest, but if they sin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A savage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

IV.

Their Captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Desolation spreads the Field.

V.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns ;
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

VI.

The Righteous with a joyful Sense
Admire the Works of Providence ;
And Tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that Saints adore.

VII.

How few with pious Care record
These wond'rous Dealings of the LORD !
But wise Observers still shall find
The LORD is holy, just and kind.

CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies.

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
 Thy Glory is my Song;
 Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
 With a blaspheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man
 Thy Son on Earth was found,
 With cruel Slanders false and vain
 They compass'd him around.

III.

Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
 Their Peace he still pursu'd;
 They render Hatred for his Love,
 And Evil for his Good.

IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,
 Yet with his dying Breath,
 He pray'd for Murd'ers on his Cross,
 And blest his Foes in Death.

V.

LORD, shall thy bright Example shine
 In vain before my Eyes?
 Give me a Soul akin to thine,
 To love my Enemies.

VI.

The **L**ORD shall on my Side engage,
 And in my Saviour's Name,
 I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

CX. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S Kingdom and Priesthood.

I.

JESUS, our LORD, ascend thy Throne,
 And near thy Father sit;
 In Zion shall thy Pow'r be known,
 And make thy Foes submit.

II.

What Wonders shall thy Gospel do!
 Thy Converts shall surpass
 The num'rous Drops of Morning-Dew,
 And own thy sov'reign Grace.

III.

God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 "When Aaron is no more.

IV.

"Melchisedek, that wond'rous Priest,
 "That King of high Degree,
 "That holy Man whom Abraham blest,
 "Was but a Type of thee."

V.

JESUS our Priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above;
 JESUS our King for ever gives
 The Blessings of his Love.

VI.

God shall exalt his glorious Head,
 And his high Throne maintain;
 Shall strike the Pow'rs and Princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his Reign.

CXI. Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

I.

SONGS of immortal Praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue,
To spread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our Sight !
And Men in every Age have fought
His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How most exact is Nature's Frame !
How wise th' eternal Mind !
His Counsels never change the Scheme
That his first Thoughts design'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant sure ;
The Orders that his Lips pronounce
To endless Years endure.

V.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name ?

VI.

To fear thy Pow'r, to trust thy Grace,
Is our divinest Skill ;
And he's the wisest of our Race
That best obeys thy Will.

CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he that fears the LORD,
 And follows his Commands,
 Who lends the Poor without Reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral Hands,

II.

As Pity dwells within his Breast
 To all the Sons of Need;
 So God shall answer his Request,
 With Blessings on his Seed.

III.

No evil Tidings shall surprise
 His well-establish'd Mind;
 His Soul to God his Refuge flies,
 And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Distress
 Some Beams of Light shall shine,
 To shew the World his Righteousness,
 And give him Peace divine.

V.

His Works of Piety and Love
 Remain before the LORD;
 Honour on Earth and Joys above
 Shall be his sure Reward.

CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

THAT Man is bless'd who stands in Awe
 Of GOD, and loves his sacred Law;

His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd.

II.

His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An inexhausted Treasury;
His Justice free from all Decay,
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

III.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night;
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all Mankind.

IV.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

V.

Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.

VI.

His Hands while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.

CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

I.

YE that delight to serve the LORD,
The Honours of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:

Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.

II.

Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds,
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds ;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height :
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

III.

He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things ;
His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

IV.

When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name ;
The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praises and her Joys :
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

CXIII. Long Metre.

GOD Sovereign and Gracious.

I.

YE Servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry Age his Praises sing ;
Where'er the Sun shall rise or set,
The Nations shall his Praise repeat.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
 Stands his high Throne of Majesty ;
 Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal Reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of Adam dare,
 Or Angels with their God compare ?
 His Glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated Light !

IV.

Behold his Love ! he stoops to view
 What Saints above and Angels do ;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Dust and Cottages obscure
 His Grace exalts the humble Poor ;
 Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

I.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
 Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
 The Tribes with chearful Homage own
 Their KING, and Judah was his Throne.

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay ;
 The Deep divides to make them Way ;
 Jordan beheld their March, and fled
 With backward Current to his Head.

III.

The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The KING of Israel! See him here!
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the LORD!

CXV. Long Metre.

The True GOD our Refuge.

I.

NOT to ourselves, who are but Dust,
Not to ourselves is Glory due,
Eternal God, thou only Just,
Thou only Gracious, Wise and True:

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why should a Papist's haughty Tongue
Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

III.

The GOD we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies ;
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood ;
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

V.

O Israel, make the LORD thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest !
The LORD shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.

VI.

The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave ;
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

CXVI. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Recovery from Sickness.

I.

I LOVE the LORD, he heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan ;
Long as I live, when Troubles rise
I'll hasten to his Throne.

II.

I love the LORD, he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Grievs away ;
O let my Heart no more despair,
When I have Breath to pray !

III.

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
 And I drew near the Dead,
 While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

“ My God, I cry'd, thy Servant save ;
 “ Thou ever good and just !
 “ Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,
 “ Thy Pow'r is all my Trust.”

V.

The LORD beheld me sore distressed,
 He bid my Pains remove ;
 Return, my Soul, to GOD thy Rest,
 For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
 And dry'd my falling Tears ;
 Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
 And my remaining Years.

CXVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
Public Thanks for private Deliverance.

I.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his Kindness shown ?
 My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
 My Songs address thy Throne.

II.

Among the Saints that fill thy House
 My Offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
 My Soul in Anguish made.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God !
 How dear thy Servants in thy Sight !
 How precious is their Blood !

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are !
 How great thy Grace to me !
 My Life, which thou hast made thy Care,
 LORD, I devote to Thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my Purpose move ;
 Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
 And bound me with thy Love.

VI.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
 And thy rich Grace record ;
 Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the LORD.

CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Nations.

I.

LET all the Nations of the World
 Their great Creator praise ;
 And all its scatter'd People join
 His mighty Name to raise :

II.

Whose tender Mercy knows no Bound,
 His Goodness ever sure ;
 Then let our Praises, like his Truth,
 For ever still endure.

CXVIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.
Public Praise for God's merciful Appearances.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD, whom Ages past
Have known to be so kind;
Whose Mercies will continue sure
To Ages still behind.

II.

Let all his People and his Priests,
That in his House attend,
With all that fear the LORD, proclaim
His Mercies have no End.

III.

Bear thou thy Part with them, my Soul,
God's Goodness to express,
Who heard my Pray'r, and set me free
When I was in Distress.

IV.

I need not fear what Man can do,
Since God does take my Part;
Defeated all my Foes will be,
When thou my Helper art.

V.

I all my Happiness ascribe
To God, who made me strong;
And his Salvation still shall be
The Subject of my Song.

VI.

The joyful Voice of Triumph fills
The Dwellings of the Just;
His Pow'r doth mighty Things for them,
Who in his Goodness trust.

CXVIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

For the LORD's Day, or CHRIST's Resurrection.

I.

THIS is the Day the LORD hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround thy Throne.

II.

To-day he rose and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O LORD; descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne!

IV.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To save our sinful Race.

V.

Hosanna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise!
The highest Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

CXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

I.

BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whose Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

II.

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they seek the LORD,
And serve thee with their Hands.

III.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

IV.

Then shall my Heart have solid Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V.

But haughty Sinners God will hate;
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are troden to the Dust.

VI.

Vile as the Dross the Wicked are;
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

CXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.*Avouching God as our Portion.*

I.

THou art my Portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

II.

I choose the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And Glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

III.

The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV.

If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways;
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pard'ning Grace.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine;
O save thy Servant, LORD!
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My Hope is in thy Word.

VI.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal Life shall end,
Would I perform thy Will.

CXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Instruction from Scripture.

I.

HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts
To keep the Conscience clean.

II.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.

III.

'Tis, like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV.

The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

V.

Thy Precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the Sinner's Road;
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,
But love thy Law, my GOD.

VI.

Thy Word is everlasting Truth;
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
And well support our Age.

CXIX. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.*Delight in the Word of GOD.*

I.

O How I love thy holy Law !
'Tis daily my Delight,
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

II.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word ;
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, LORD.

III.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage !
How well employ my Tongue !
And in my tireſom Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

IV.

Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt ;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taſte.

V.

No Treasures ſo enrich the Mind ;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

VI.

When Nature ſinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

CXIX. *Fifth Part.* Common Metre.

Perfection of Scripture.

I.

LET all the heathen Writers join
To form one perfect Book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look !

II.

Not their best Reas'nings could assure
Our num'rous Sins forgiven,
Nor clear the Gloom of Death ; but CHRIST
Absolves, and opens Heav'n.

III.

I've seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

IV.

Yet Men would fain be just with God,
By Works their Hands have wrought ;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

V.

In vain we boast Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame ;
And sinks our Virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word ;
But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the LORD.

CXIX. *Sixth*

CXIX. *Sixth Part.* Common Metre.

The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

I.

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage;
There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While thro' the Promises I rove
With ever fresh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

CXIX. *Seventh Part.* Common Metre.

Desire of spiritual Instruction.

I.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O LORD,
How Good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

II.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;

I

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O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do!

III.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

IV.

If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

V.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VI.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

CXIX. *Eighth Part.* Common Metre.
Breathing after Holiness.

I.

O That the LORD would guide my Ways,
To keep his Statutes still!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will!

II.

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!

Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

III.

From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Design,
Nor covetous Desires arise
Within this Soul of mine.

IV.

Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, LORD,
But keep my Conscience clear.

V.

My Soul hath gone too far astray,
My Feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head or Heart or Hands,
Offend against my God.

CXIX. *Ninth Part.* Common Metre.
Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

I.

W^Ith my whole Heart I've ſought thy Face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way!

II.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conſcience clean,

And be an everlasting Guard
From ev'ry rising Sin.

III.

I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the LORD ;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.

IV.

While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe ;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

V.

My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word ;
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the LORD.

VI.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation still ;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

CXIX. *Tenth Part.* Common Metre.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

I.

CONSIDER all my Sorrows, LORD,
And thy Deliv'rance send ;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end !

II.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod ;

Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.

III.

This is the Comfort I enjoy,
When new Distress begins ;
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

IV.

Had not thy Word been my Delight
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppress'd with Sorrow's Weight,
Had sunk amongst the Dead.

V.

I know thy Judgments, LORD, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe ;
The sharpest Suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI.

Before I knew thy chast'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

CXIX. *Eleventh Part.* Common Metre.

Holy Resolutions.

I.

O THAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

II.

To meditate thy Precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet Employ ;

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My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

III.

How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and Satan's hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large?

IV.

My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

V.

Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

VI.

Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

CXIX. *Twelfth Part.* Common Metre.

Divine Influence needful.

I.

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust;
LORD, give me Life divine!
From vain Desires and ev'ry Lust
Turn off these Eyes of mine.

II.

I need the Influence of thy Grace
To speed me in thy Way,

Left I should loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet astray.

III.

When sore Afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest Hours.

IV.

Are not thy Mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

V.

Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to see thy Face?
And yet how slow my Spirits move
Without enliv'ning Grace!

VI.

Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the LORD.

CXIX. *Last Part.* Long Metre.

Sanctified Afflictions.

I.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chastising Rod,
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, LORD;

I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

IV.

The Law that issues from thy Mouth
Shall raise my chearful Passions more
Than all the Treasures of the South,
Or Western Hills of golden Ore.

V.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
And guide me safe from Death and Sin.

VI.

Then all that love and fear the LORD,
At my Salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

CXX. Common Metre.

Seeking GOD's gracious Assistance.

I.

TO GOD, whose Care I've ever been,
In my Distress I cry'd ;
He heard me then, and so prevents
My Fears to be deny'd.

II.

I'll lift mine Eyes unto the Hills,
And thence will look for Aid ;

Depend on God alone for Help,
Both Heav'n and Earth he made.

III.

He will sustain thy weaker Pow'rs
With his almighty Arm;
And keep thee with unweary'd Care,
From all surprizing Harm.

IV.

The LORD's Protection like a Shade
Will be thy sure Defence;
Nor Sun nor Moon shall hurt thee with
Malignant Influence.

V.

From Harm thy Body he'll protect,
Preserve thy Soul from Sin;
Will prosper thy Designs abroad,
And bless thy coming in.

CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

I.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

II.

He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the World, that spread the Flood;
The Heav'ns with all their Hosts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

III.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning Smiles bless all the Day;

He spreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours while Israel sleeps.

IV.

Israel, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprise.

V.

No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch ; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.

VI.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD ; his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

CXXI. Long Metre.

GOD our Preserver.

I.

TO GOD my grateful Soul ascends,
On him alone for Help depends ;
His Presence my encircling Guard,
His Grace the Source of my Reward.

II.

The expanded Skies by Pow'r divine
In all their splendid Radiance shine ;
From his Command the solid Earth,
And all its Stores deriv'd their Birth.

III.

Inspected by his watchful Eyes
No threat'ning Snares my Soul surprise ;

My trembling Feet he safely keeps,
My faithful Guardian never sleeps.

IV.

His shelt'ring Arm he will extend
O'er Israel's Race, and them defend ;
No Slumbers draw to soft Repose,
His wakeful Eyelids never close.

P A U S E.

V.

My Soul, thy Keeper is the LORD !
How firm his Pow'r ! How sure his Word !
He spreads a Shade on thy right Hand,
And will a safe Retreat command.

VI.

No burning Sun with noxious Rays,
Shall blast thy Life with sickly Days ;
No baleful Moon thy Head shall smite,
Serene thy Day, secure thy Night.

VII.

Protected by his pow'rful Arm,
Should frightful Scenes thy Heart alarm ;
Thy Life is safe, tho' num'rous Foes
With restless Fury thee oppose.

VIII.

His Wisdom guides thee ev'ry Day,
Thro' all Disasters in thy Way ;
Thy mortal Life by him is blest,
His Favour crowns with endless Rest.

F.

CXXI. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.*GOD our Preserver.*

I.

UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
GOD is the Tower
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

II.

My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD my Guard and Guide
Defends me from my Fears.
Those wakeful Eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When Dangers rise.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Ev'ning Air
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there.
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?

And I can trust my LORD
 To keep my mortal Breath ;
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me Home.

CXXII. Common Metre.

Public Worship delightful.

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
 My Friends devoutly say,
 “ In Zion let us all appear,
 “ And keep the solemn Day ?”

II.

I love her Gates, I love her Road ;
 The Church adorn'd with Grace
 Stands like a Palace built for God,
 To shew his milder Face.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
 The holy Tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his Throne,
 And sits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our Praises and Complaints ;
 And while his awful Voice
 Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this sacred Place,
 And Joy a constant Guest !

With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants blest !

VI.

My Soul shall pray for Zion still,
While Life or Breath remains ;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

CXXII. *Proper Tune.**Going to Church.*

I.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the People cry,
“ Come, let us seek our God to-day ;”
Yes, with a chearful Zeal
We haste to Zion's Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round ;
In Thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

III.

There David's greater Son
Hath fix'd his Royal Throne,
He sits for Grace and Judgment there ;
He bids the Saints be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

IV.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
 And Joy within thee wait,
 To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
 The Man that seeks thy Peace,
 And wishes thine Increase,
 A thousand Blessings on him rest!

V.

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
 "Peace to this sacred House!"
 For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest Abode,
 My Soul shall ever love thee well.

VI.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
 And Joy within thee wait,
 To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
 The Man that seeks thy Peace,
 And wishes thine Increase.
 A thousand Blessings on him rest!

CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with Submission.

I.

O THOU whose Grace and Justice reign
 Inthron'd above the Skies,
 To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
 To thee we lift our Eyes.

II.

Tho' for our Sins we justly feel
 Thy Discipline, O God;

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Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove the Rod.

III.

Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live,
Our daily Gones deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.

IV.

Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
In thy Compassion lies ;
This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
“ That God will not despise.”

CXXIV. Common Metre.

God's merciful Appearance acknowledged.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the LORD, may Israel say,
Been pleas'd to interpose ;
Had he not then espous'd our Cause
When Men against us rose ;

II.

Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without controul ;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

But prais'd be our eternal LORD,
Who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their savage Jaws gave up
Our threaten'd Lives a Prey.

IV.

Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
 From out the Fowler's Net ;
 The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,
 And we at Freedom set.

V.

Secure in his almighty Name
 Our Confidence remains,
 Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
 Of both sole Monarch reigns.

CXXIV. Long Metre.

National Deliverance celebrated.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the LORD, may Israel say,
 Had not the LORD maintain'd our Side,
 When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
 Rose like the swelling of the Tide.

II.

The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
 So fiercely did the Waters roll,
 We had been swallow'd deep in Death ;
 Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke ;
 So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
 When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
 Who broke the Fowler's curs'd Snare,

Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

V.

Our Help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who form'd the Earth and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

CXXV. Short Metre.

Afflictions moderated.

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on God;
Firm as the Mount where David dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground,
So God and his almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

III.

What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, LORD, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

V.

Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saints;

The God of Israel will support
His Children, lest they faint.

VI.

But if our slavish Fear
Will choose the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

CXXVI. Common Metre.

Hope and Dependence on God encouraged.

I.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
The Grace appear'd so great.

II.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confess;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And sung surprising Grace.

III.

"Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r divine;
"Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd,
"And be the Glory thine."

IV.

The LORD can clear the darkest Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise
To Rivers of Delight.

V.

Let those that sow in Sadness wait
Till the fair Harvest come,

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They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
And shout the Blessings home.

VI.

Tho' Seed lie buried long in Dust,
It shan't deceive their Hope ;
The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
For Grace insures the Crop.

CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Blessing of God on worldly Affairs.

I.

IF God succeed not, all the Cost
And Pains to build the House are lost ;
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

II.

What if you rise before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your Bread,
To shun that Poverty you dread ;

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet give us Rest ;
Children and Friends are Blessings too,
If God our Sov'reign make them so.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he sends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends !
How sweet our daily Comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his Love !

CXXVII. Common Metre.

The Love of God the greatest Blessing.

I.

IF God to build the House deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An useless Watch maintain.

II.

Before the Morning-Beams arise,
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars ascend the Skies
Your tiresome Toil pursue.

III.

Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare;
In vain, till God hath blest;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You shall have Food and Rest.

IV.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he sends,
If sent without his Love.

CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family Blessings.

I.

O HAPPY Man, whose Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to God their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

II.

A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy Head;

Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Blessings shed.

III.

[Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour shine,
And learn to fear the LORD.]

IV.

The LORD shall thy best Hopes fulfil,
For Months and Years to come;
The LORD, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Shall send thee Blessings home.

V.

This is the Man whose happy Eyes
Shall see his House increase,
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then leave the World in Peace.

CXXIX. Long Metre.

The Christian's Hope in evil Times.

I.

THE Lips that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound,
The flatt'ring and blaspheming Tongue.

II.

"Yet shall our Words be free," they cry,
"Our Tongue shall be control'd by none;
"Where is the Lord will ask us why;
"Or say, our Lips are not our own?"

III.

The LORD, who sees the Poor oppress,
And hears th' Oppressor's haughty Strain,

Will rise to give his Children Rest,
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

IV.

Thy Word, O LORD, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit shall still appear ;
Not Silver seven times purify'd
From Dross and Mixture shines so clear.

V.

Thy Grace shall in the darkest Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm ;
Tho' when the vilest Men have Pow'r,
On ev'ry Side will Sinners swarm.

CXXX. Short Metre.

Supplicating for Mercy.

I.

FROM lowest Depths of Woe,
To God I sent my Cry ;
LORD, hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply !

II.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the Trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

III.

My Soul with Patience waits
For thee the living LORD ;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

IV.

My longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray,

More duly than the Morning Watch
To spy the dawning Day.

V.

Let Israel trust in God,
No Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

VI.

Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse
And wash our Guilt away.

CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

FROM deep Distress and troubled Thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries;
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

II.

But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face display?

IV.

My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain;

Let

Let mourning Souls address the LORD,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son ;
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and Submission.

I.

IS there Ambition in my Heart ?
Search, gracious GOD, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty Part ?
LORD, I appeal to thee !

II.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

III.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward ;
Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful LORD.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

GOD's Presence in his Church.

I.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our God,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood ?

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II.

The God of Jacob chose the Hill
Of Zion for his ancient Rest ;
And Zion is his Dwelling still ;
His Church is with his Presence blest.

III.

Here I will fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the LORD ;
Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

IV.

Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread ;
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With sweet Provisions shall be fed.

V.

[Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine ;
Not Aaron in his costly Dress
Made an Appearance so divine.]

VI.

The Saints, unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

VII.

JESUS shall see a num'rous Seed
Born here, to uphold his glorious Name ;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame.

CXXXII. Common Metre.

God's Blessing on public Worship implored.

I.

ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy Rest;
Lo, thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest!

II.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain,
Could no such Grace afford.

III.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praise be spread;
Bless the Provisions of thy House,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

IV.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

V.

Here let him hold a lasting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

CXXXIII. Short Metre.

The Happiness of Peace and Friendship.

I.

BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one,

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Whose kind Designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their Actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious House
Where Zeal and Friendship meet;
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion sweet.

III.

Thus when on Aaron's Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
And Pleasure fill'd the Room:

IV.

Thus on the heav'nly Hills
The Saints are blest above,
Where Joy like Morning-Dew distils,
And all the Air is Love.

CXXXIII. As the cxxii^d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

I.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move;
And each fulfil their Part
With sympathising Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

II.

'Tis like the Ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;

The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and blest his Feet.

III.

Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew distils.

IV.

How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move;
And each fulfil their Part
With sympathising Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

I.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy Place;
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous Grace.

II.

Lift up your Hands by Morning-light,
And send your Souls on high;
Raise your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the starry Sky.

III.

The God of Zion cheers our Hearts
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;

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The God that spreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling Seas.

CXXXV. Long Metre.

The Church GOD's House and Care.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, the LORD is good;
To praise his Name is sweet Employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

II.

The LORD himself will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their sore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

III.

Thro' ev'ry Age the LORD declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;
He gives his suff'ring Servants Rest,
And will be known th' almighty God.

IV.

Bless ye the LORD, who taste his Love;
O Christians, magnify his Name!
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to GOD, not to Idols.

I.

AWAKE, ye Saints, to praise your King
Your sweetest Passions raise,
Your pious Pleasure while you sing
Increasing with the Praise.

II.

Great is the LORD, and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ ;
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.

III.

Heav'n, Earth and Sea confess his Hand ;
He bids the Vapours rise ;
Light'ning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the sounding Skies.

IV.

All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen Gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

V.

Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust
Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring Dust,
And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray ;
Mortals that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.

VII.

O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with Love and Fear ;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thy Honours there.

CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation and Providence.

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD, the sov'reign LORD,
 His Mercies still endure,
 And be the King of Kings ador'd,
 His Truth is ever sure.

II.

What Wonders hath his Wisdom done!
 How mighty is his Hand!
 Heav'n, Earth and Sea, he fram'd alone;
 How wide is his Command!

III.

The Sun supplies the Day with Light;
 How bright his Counsels shine!
 The Moon and Stars adorn the Night;
 His Works are all divine.

IV.

He saw the Nations dead in Sin;
 He felt his Pity move;
 How sad the State the World was in!
 How boundless was his Love!

V.

He sent to save us from our Woe;
 His Goodness never fails;
 From Death and Hell and ev'ry Foe;
 And still his Grace prevails.

VI.

Give Thanks to GOD, the heav'nly King,
 His Mercies still endure;
 Let the whole Earth his Praises sing,
 His Truth is ever sure.

CXXXVI. As the cxlviiith Psalm.

GOD alone to be praised.

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD most High,
The universal LORD,
The sov'reign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

II.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

III.

His Wisdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To chear the darksom Night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

IV.

He saw the Nations lie
All perishing in Sin,

And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in.

Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

v.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Foe.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

vi.

Give Thanks to GOD alone,
To GOD the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing.

Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

CXXXVI. Long Metre.

The Mercy and Truth of GOD.

I.

GIVE to our GOD immortal Praise!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

Give to the LORD of Lords Renown,
The KING of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever shall endure
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.

CXXXVII. Long Metre.

The Grace of God in Redemption.

I.

THE Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.

III.

He sent his Son with Pow'r to save
From Guilt and Darkness and the Grave;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be no more.

CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

GOD to be praised and trusted in.

I.

WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my Song;
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witness my Devotion there;
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

III.

I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, LORD;
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.

IV.

To GOD I cry'd when Troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes;
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

V.

The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

VI.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
 Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
 And keep my dying Faith alive.

VII.

Grace will complete what Grace begins,
 To save from Sorrows or from Sins;
 The Work that Wisdom undertakes
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The All-seeing God.

I.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
 Thy Eye commands with piercing View
 My rising and my resting Hours,
 My Heart and Flesh, with all their Pow'rs.

II.

Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;
 On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

III.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
 What large Extent! What lofty Height!
 My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

IV.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy Service and thy Love,
 Where, LORD, could I thy Presence shun;
 Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

V.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st inthron'd in Light;
 Or dive to Hell, there Justice reigns,
 And Satan grones beneath thy Chains.

VI.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight
 Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,
 One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,
 Would kindle Darkness into Day.

P A U S E.

VII.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
 No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes,
 Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
 Thro' midnight Shades as blazing Noon.

VIII.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,
 Great God, they're both alike to thee;
 Not Death can hide what God will spy,
 And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

IX.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker Passions dare
 Consent to Sin, for God is there.

CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'T WAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,
 A Work of such a curious Frame;

In me thy chearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

II.

Thy Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

III.

By thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign Counsels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

IV.

At last to shew my Maker's Name,
God stamp'd his Image on my Frame;
And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.

V.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man;
Great God, our Infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise!

P A U S E.

VI.

LORD, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

VII.

I could survey the Ocean o'er
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,

Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

VIII.

These on my Heart are still imprest,
With these I give my Eyes to rest;
And at my waking Hours I find
God and his Love possess my Mind.

CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God the Searcher of all Hearts.

I.

THOU, LORD, by strictest Search hast known
My rising up, and lying down;
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

II.

Thy Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

III.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!

IV.

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, LORD, could I thy Influence shun?
Or whither from thy Presence run?

P A U S E.

v.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st inthron'd in Light;
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.

vi.

If I the Morning Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

vii.

Or, should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night,
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

viii.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes;
Thro' midnight Shades thou find'st thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

G O D Omnipresent.

i.

I N all my vast Concerns with thee,
In vain my Soul wou'd try
To shun thy Presence, LORD, or flee
The Notice of thy Eye.

ii.

Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest,

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My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the LORD
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.

IV.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beset on every Side.

V.

So let thy Grace surround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign Love.

P A U S E.

VI.

LORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

VII.

Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

VIII.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
I fly beyond the West,

Thy Hand, which must support my Flight,
Would soon betray my Rest.

IX.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

X.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour,
Are both alike to thee ;
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee !

CXXXIX. *Second Part. Common Metre.*
The Wisdom of God in the Human Frame.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work ; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possést
Where unborn Nature grew ;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thy Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part ;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heav'n, Earth and Sea, and Fire and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill ;

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But I review myself, and find
Diviner Wonders still.

v.

Thy awful Glories round me shine,
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise ;
And with my Tongue my Soul shall join
To celebrate thy Grace.

CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Mercies of GOD acknowledged.

i.

L ORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprise ;
Not all the Sands that spread the Shore
To equal Numbers rise.

ii.

My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

iii.

These on my Heart by Night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with thee !

CXL. Common Metre.

Seeking to GOD for Help and Safety.

i.

P RESERVE me, LORD, from wicked Hands,
Nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
Who have my Ruin sworn.

II.

The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
And spread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins where'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.

III.

But thus environ'd with Distress,
Thou art my God, I said;
LORD, hear my supplicating Voice,
That calls to thee for Aid!

IV.

O LORD, the God whose saving Strength
Kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
In Battle's doubtful Day.

V.

Permit not their unjust Designs
To answer their Desire,
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
To bolder Crimes aspire.

VI.

GOD will assert the poor Man's Cause,
And speedy Succour give;
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
And in his Presence live.

CXLI. Common Metre.

Daily Watchfulness.

I.

TO thee, O LORD, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief!
And with accustom'd Pity hear
The Accents of my Grief.

II.

Instead of Off'rings let my Pray'r
 Like Morning-Incense rise;
 My lifted Hands supply the Place
 Of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

III.

From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
 And let a constant Guard
 Still keep the Portal of my Lips
 With wary Silence barr'd.

IV.

From wicked Men's Designs and Deeds
 My Hand and Heart restrain;
 Nor let me in the Booty share
 Of their unrighteous Gain.

V.

But, LORD, to thee I still direct
 My supplicating Eyes;
 O leave not destitute my Soul,
 Whose Trust on thee relies!

VI.

Do thou preserve me from the Snares
 That wicked Hands have laid;
 Let them in their own Nets be caught,
 While my Escape is made.

CXLII. Short Metre.

Looking to God in Affliction.

I.

TO God with mournful Voice,
 In deep Distress I pray'd,
 Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
 My Wrongs before him laid.

II.

Thou didst my Steps direct,
 When my griev'd Soul despair'd;
 For where I thought to walk secure,
 They had their Traps prepar'd.

III.

I look'd, but found no Friend
 To own me in Distress;
 All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
 His Pity or Redress.

IV.

To GOD at last I pray'd;
 Thou, LORD, my Refuge art;
 My Portion in the Land of Life,
 Till Life itself depart.

V.

Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
 To thee I make my Mone;
 O save me from oppressive Foes,
 For me too pow'rful grown!

VI.

That I may praise thy Name,
 My Soul from Prison bring;
 Whilst of thy kind Regard to me
 Assembled Saints shall sing.

CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint under heavy Afflictions.

I.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
 And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
 O make thy Truth and Mercy known!

II.

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
 When will thy smiling Face return ?
 Shall all my Joys on Earth remove,
 And God for ever hide his Love ?

III.

My God, thy long Delay to save,
 Will sink thy Pris'ner to the Grave ;
 My Heart grows faint, and dim my Eye ;
 Make haste to help before I die.

IV.

In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
 And lift my heavy Soul on high ;
 For thee sit waiting all the Day,
 And wear the tiresom Hours away.

V.

Teach me to do thy holy Will,
 And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill ;
 Let the good Spirit of thy Love
 Conduct me to thy Courts above.

VI.

Then shall my Soul no more complain ;
 The Tempter then shall rage in vain ;
 And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
 Shall never vex my Spirit more.

CXLIV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Grace and Assistance of GOD owned.

I.

FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
 My Saviour and my Shield ;
 He sends his Spirit with his Word,
 To arm me for the Field.

II. When

II.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
 He makes my Soul his Care,
 Instructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
 And guards me thro' the War.

III.

A Friend and Helper so divine
 Does my weak Courage raise ;
 He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the Praise.

CXLIV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

I.

LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
 Born of the Earth at first ;
 His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
 Still hasting to the Dust ?

II.

O what is feeble dying Man,
 Or any of his Race,
 That God should make it his Concern
 To visit him with Grace !

III.

That God who darts his Light'nings down,
 Who shakes the Worlds above,
 And Mountains tremble at his Frown ;
 How wond'rous is his Love !

CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

I.

MY GOD, my KING, thy various Praise
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;
 Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue,
 Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

II.

The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
 Some thankful Tribute to thy Ear;
 And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
 New Works of Duty done for thee.

III.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy Bounty flows an endless Stream;
 Thy Mercy swift, thy Anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine;
 And speak thy Majesty divine;
 Let Britain round her Shores proclaim
 The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let distant Times and Nations raise
 The long Succession of thy Praise;
 And unborn Ages make my Song
 The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds?
 Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
 Vast and unsearchable thy Ways:
 Vast and immortal be thy Praise!

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CXLV. Common Metre.

G O D hearing Prayer.

I.

LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all ;
Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raise the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest,
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

III.

The LORD supports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth ;
Holy and just are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry ;
And their best Wishes to fulfil,
His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never shall remove
From Men of Heart sincere ;
He saves the Souls whose humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

VI.

My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad ;
Let all the Sons of Adam raise
The Honours of their G O D.

CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, my Heart shall join
In Work so pleasant, so divine ;
Now while the Flesh is my Abode,
And when my Soul ascends to God.

II.

Praise shall employ my noblest Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures ;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last.

III.

Why should I make a Man my Trust ?
Princes must die and turn to Dust ;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.

IV.

Happy the Man, whose Hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train,
And none shall find his Promise vain.

V.

His Truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor ;
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

VI.

The LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
The LORD supports the sinking Mind ;
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless.

VII.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well ;
 But turns the Wicked down to Hell.
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting Strains.

CXLVI. As the cxliith Psalm.

Praise to God for his Providential Care.

I.

I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath ;
 And when my Voice is lost in Death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs ;
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
 While Life and Thought and Being last,
 Or Immortality endures.

II.

Why should I make a Man my Trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to Dust :
 Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood ;
 Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
 And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,
 Nor can they make their Promise good.

III.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
 On Israel's God : He made the Sky,
 And Earth and Seas with all their Train ;
 His Truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,
 And none shall find his Promise vain.

IV.

The LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
 The LORD supports the sinking Mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,

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He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

v.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell.

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns !
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

vi.

Pil praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

CXLVII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*God's Works wonderful, and Saints lovely
in his Sight.*

i.

PRAISE ye the LORD ; 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise ;
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

ii.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names ;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

III.

Great is our LORD, and great his Might,
And all his Glories infinite ;
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

P A U S E.

IV.

Sing to the LORD, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds all round the Sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

V.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn ;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

VI.

What is the Creatures Skill or Force,
The spritely Man, the warlike Horse,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb ?
All are too mean Delights for him.

VII.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight ;
He views his Children with Delight ;
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear
And Looks, and loves his Image there.

CXLVII. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

I.

O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad ;

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He bid the Ocean round thee flow ;
Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so.

II.

Thy Children are secure and blest ;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest ;
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

III.

Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thy early and thy latter Rains ;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.

IV.

With hoary Frost he strews the Ground ;
His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound ;
Where is the Man so vainly bold,
That dares deny his dreadful Cold ?

V.

He bids the Southern Breezes blow ;
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow ;
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the Britons to his Praise.

VI.

To all the Isle his Laws are shown ;
His Gospel thro' the Nation known ;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land.—Praise ye the LORD.

CXLVII. Common Metre.

The Seasons of the Year.

I.

WITH Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Address the LORD on high ;

Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.

II.

He sends his Show'rs of Blessings down
To cheer the Plains below;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man, who tastes his finest Wheat,
Should raise his Honours high.

IV.

His steady Counsels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut short his Race,
And wintry Days appear.

V.

His hoary Frost, his fleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the ratt'ling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.

VII.

He sends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

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VIII.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word;
With Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

The Creator to be Praised.

I.

YE Tribes of Adam, join
With Heav'n and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praise.

Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

II.

Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praise,
With Stars of twinkling Light:

His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

III.

The shining Worlds above
In glorious Order stand,
Or in swift Courses move
By his supreme Command.

He spake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praise the LORD.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages past,
And each his Word fulfils,
While Time and Nature last.
In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim
His wond'rous Name,
And speak his Praise.

V.

Let all the Nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taste his Love.

While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praise,
His Saints shall raise
His Honours high.

CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

LET ev'ry Creature join
To praise th' eternal God,
Ye heav'nly Hosts, the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,

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Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

III.

He built those Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame ;
By his Command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.

IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow ;
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory show.

V.

Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
Agree to praise the LORD,
When ye in dreadful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

VI.

By all his Works above
His Honours be exprest ;
But Saints that taste his saving Love
Should sing his Praises best.

P A U S E .

VII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' eternal King ;
Judges adore that sov'reign Hand
Whence all your Honours spring.

VIII.

Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high ;

While growing Babes and with'ring Age
Their feebl' Voices try.

IX.

United Zeal be shown
His wond'rous Fame to raise ;
GOD is the LORD ; his Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

X.

Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him blest ;
But Saints that dwell so near his Heart,
Should sing his Praises best.

CXLIX. Common Metre.

The Majesty, Goodness and Love of God.

I.

THEE will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim ;
This Tribute I will daily bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

II.

Thou, LORD, beyond Compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy Majesty with boundless Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
To future Times extends ;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

IV.

Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works express,

230 P S A L M CXLIX.

The World with me thy Might shall own,
And thy great Pow'r confests.

V.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs
They shall with Joy proclaim ;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs
Shall be the constant Theme.

P A U S E.

VI.

The LORD is good ; fresh Acts of Grace
His Pity still supplies ;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
His willing Mercy flies.

VII.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
To all thy Works exprest ;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy Servants blest.

VIII.

Thy stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
Thy boundless Sway no End shall see,
But Time itself out-last.

IX.

How holy is the LORD ! how just !
How righteous all his Ways !
How nigh to him who with firm Trust
For his Assistance prays !

X.

My Time to come in Praises spent
Shall still advance his Fame ;
And all Mankind with one Consent
For ever blest his Name.

P S A L M CL.

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CL. Long Metre.

The Goodness of God to be adored by all.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD in that blest Place
From whence his Goodness largely flows!
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

II.

Praise him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our Behalf hath done :
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.

III.

Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he doth to them afford
In just Returns of Praise employ ;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the LORD.

CL. Common Metre.

GOD the Creator to be praised.

I.

PRAISE GOD within that sacred Place,
Where he his Grace bestows ;
Your wondering Thoughts to Heav'n raise,
Where he his Glory shows.

II.

Let all his mighty Acts of Pow'r
Your inward Passions move ;
That your Acknowledgments may suit
The Greatness of his Love.

III.

Since all to this Creator owe
That Breath by which they live,
Let ev'ry Thing that breathes, to him
Their chearful Praises give.

The Comfort of God is to be sought by all.

○ I praise the Lord in that high place
From whence his Goodness brightly flows,
And in his love, where he his face
Sheweth in perfect glory thence.

I praise thee Lord, in high and low,
In all thy works, thy power and love.

Thy goodness flows from thee above,
And in thy love, thy power and love.

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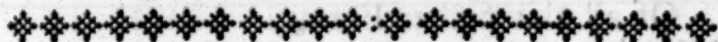
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H Y M N S
F O R
D I V I N E W O R S H I P.



H Y M N I. Common Metre.

G O D the Creator.

I.

O LORD, how excellent's thy Name!
How glorious to behold!
Engraven fair on all thy Works
In Characters of Gold!

II.

On Heav'ns unmeasurable Face,
In Lines immensely great;
In small, on ev'ry Leaf and Flow'r,
Creator-God is writ.

III.

Tho' Reason be not giv'n to all,
Nor Voice to thee, O Sun!
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their Language is but one.

IV.

From Land to Land, and World to World,
 Thy Fame is echo'd round;
 And Ages, as they pass, transmit
 The never-dying Sound.

V.

Angels, the eldest Sons of Light,
 Began the lofty Song;
 They saw the Heavens unfurl'd abroad,
 And Earth on Nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man, the last and noblest Piece
 Of all this nether Frame,
 With the first vital Breath he drew,
 Confest from whence he came.

VII.

And thou, my Soul, what wilt thou do
 To speak thy Former's Praise?
 Harmonious Hymns and Raptures high
 Thy Theme and Thee should raise.

II. Common Metre.

G O D the Preserver.

I.

BEFORE the LORD our Maker we
 With reverend Awe should bow;
 Thou, LORD, the Maker art of all,
 And their Preserver thou!

II.

The Being, which thy Pow'r bestow'd,
 Thy Providence maintains;
 And the whole Mass of Things is held
 By strong, tho' secret Chains.

III.

The starry Hosts in Order move,
 Observant of their Bounds;
 And ev'ry Year, and ev'ry Day,
 The Sun repeats his Rounds.

IV.

Thro' pathless Skies he finds his Road,
 Bent of himself to stray,
 For God directs his steady Course
 Along the doubtful Way.

V.

Nor less in Things that Subject lie
 To Time's all-conqu'ring Pow'r,
 Are thy eternal Laws fulfill'd,
 By ev'ry short-liv'd Hour.

P A U S E.

VI.

While Generations rise and fall,
 Immortal is the Race;
 And Time may shift the fading Scenes,
 But not the Earth displace.

VII.

What Winter's with'ring Breath destroys,
 The following Spring supplies;
 And Age, in vigorous Youth renew'd,
 Beholds itself and dies.

VIII.

The Life by thee preserv'd, my God,
 Shall all be spent for thee;
 And flowing bear thy Praise along
 Into Eternity.

III. Common Metre.

God the Sovereign Good.

I.

THOU glorious God, whom none can see,
 Yet all Mankind must own,
 Our Hearts acknowledge, and to thee
 We speak in ev'ry Grone.

II.

Our Souls confin'd to darksome Clay,
 A sad and heavy Load,
 'Midst Fogs of Sense mistake their Way
 To thee, their sov'reign Good.

III.

We travel thro' this World of Sin,
 As o'er enchanted Ground;
 Following the fond delusive Scene,
 Till in Perdition drown'd.

IV.

Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous Road,
 And would our Steps recal,
 But we must tread where Crouds have trod,
 And where they fell we fall.

V.

Great God, dissolve the dreadful Spell,
 Which does our Reason blind;
 That, rescu'd from the Gates of Hell,
 We thy Abode may find.

IV. Common Metre.

The Mercies of God gratefully acknowledged.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
 My rising Soul surveys,

Transported with the View I'm lost
In Wonder, Love and Praise!

II.

O how shall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd Heart;
But thou canst read it there!

III.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my Infant-Heart conceiv'd
From whom those Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thy Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way;
And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

P A U S E.

VIII.

When worn with Sickneſs oft haſt thou
With Health renew'd my Face ;
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs
Hath made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Hath doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue ;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O LORD,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore !

XIII.

Thro' all Eternity to thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe ;
For O, Eternity's too ſhort,
To utter all thy Praise.

V. Long Metre.

God's Fatherly Protection.

I.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
 His Presence shall my Wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful Eye.

II.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
 Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile.

III.

My Noon-Day Walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight Hours defend:
 Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy Horrors overspread;

IV.

My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still!
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

VI. Common Metre.

The Mercy of God pleaded by the Penitent.

I.

WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,
 O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
 I see my Maker Face to Face,
 O how shall I appear?

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
 And Mercy may be sought,

My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought ;

III.

When thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul ;
O how shall I appear !

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.

V.

Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.

VI.

For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make her Pardon sure.

VII. Long Metre.

God's abundant Goodness and Mercy to be praised.

I.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call homethy Thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.

II.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace !
His Favours claim thy highest Praise ;

Why

Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

III.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels ;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Lives from threat'ning Graves.

IV.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years ;
He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

V.

His Pow'r he shew'd by Moses' Hands,
And gave to Isr'el his Commands ;
But sent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

VI.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess ;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

VIII. Common Metre.

GOD's gracious Regard to his Creatures.

I.

LORD, we adore thy wondrous Name,
And make that Name our Trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious Frame
From mean and lifeless Dust.

II.

Awhile these frail Machines endure,
The Fabric of a Day ;

M

Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,
But molder back to Clay.

III.

Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This Thought is our Repose,
That he by whom this Frame was rear'd,
Its various Weakness knows.

IV.

Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye,
While struggling with our Load;
In Pains and Dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our GOD.

V.

Gently supported by thy Love,
We tend to Realms of Peace;
Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry Frailty cease.

IX. Long Metre.

GOD'S Name a Foundation of Trust.

I.

SING to the LORD, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving Names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure Experience known!

II.

Let great JEHOVAH be ador'd;
Th' eternal, all-sufficient LORD;
He thro' the World most High confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

III.

Awake our noblest Pow'rs to bless
The GOD of Abra'm, GOD of Peace;

Now by a dearer Title known,
Father and GOD of CHRIST his Son.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear
Is open to his Servants Pray'r ;
Nor can one humble Soul complain
That it has sought its God in vain.

V.

What unbelieving Heart shall dare
In Whispers to suggest a Fear ?
While still he owns his ancient Name,
The same his Pow'r, his Love the same.

VI.

To thee our Souls in Faith arise ;
To thee we lift expecting Eyes ;
And boldly thro' the Desert tread,
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

X. Common Metre.

The dying Christian's Farewel.

I.

YE golden Lamps of Heav'n, farewell,
With all your feeble Light ;
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale Empress of the Night.

II.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day,
In brighter Flames array'd,
My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,
No more demands thy Aid.

III.

Ye Stars, are but the shining Dust
Of my divine Abode,

The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts
Where I shall reign with God.

IV.

The Father of eternal Light
Shall there his Beams display ;
Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix
With that unvary'd Day.

V.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief
Shall swell into my Eyes ;
Nor the Meridian Sun decline
Amidst those brighter Skies.

VI.

There all the Millions of his Saints
Shall in one Song unite,
And each the Bliss of all shall view
With infinite Delight.

XI. Long Metre.

God the Portion and Happiness of the Upright.

I.

MY God, whose all-pervading Eye
Views Earth beneath and Heav'n above,
Witness, if here or there thou seest
An Object of my equal Love.

II.

Not the gay Scenes where mortal Men
Pursue their Bliss, and find their Woe,
Detain my rising Heart, which springs
The nobler Joys of Heav'n to know.

III.

Not all the fairest Sons of Light,
That lead the Army round thy Throne,

Can bound its Flight; it presseth on,
And seeks its Rest in God alone.

IV.

Fix'd near th' immortal Source of Bliss,
Dauntless and joyous it surveys
Each Form of Horror and Distress,
That Earth combin'd with Hell can raise.

V.

This feeble Flesh shall faint and die;
This Heart renew its Pulse no more;
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,
When Life's last Movements all are o'er.

VI.

But come, thou vanquish'd King of Dread,
With thy own Hand thy Pow'r destroy;
'Tis thine to bear my Soul to God,
My Portion and eternal Joy.

XII. Long Metre.

God the Protector of good Men.

I.

THOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing Scene,
Hast to thy Saints a Refuge been;
Thro' ev'ry Age, eternal God,
Their pleasing Home, their safe Abode.

II.

In thee our Fathers sought their Rest;
In thee our Fathers still are blest;
And, while the Tomb confines their Dust,
In thee their Souls abide and trust.

III.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble Race,
Awhile to fill our Fathers Place;

Our helpless State with Pity view,
And let us share their Refuge too.

IV.

Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace
In this uncertain Wilderness,
When Friends desert and Foes invade,
Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

V.

So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in Flesh no more,
To thee our sep'rate Souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer Home.

VI.

To thee our Infant Race we leave ;
Them may their Fathers God receive ;
That Voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding Hymns of humble Praise.

XIII. Long Metre.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully owned.

I.

IN glad Amazement, LORD, I stand,
Amidst the Bounties of thy Hand !
How numberless those Bounties are !
How rich, how various, and how fair !

II.

But O, what poor Returns I make !
What lifeless Thanks I pay thee back !
LORD, I confess with humble Shame,
My Off'rings scarce deserve the Name.

III.

Fain would my lab'ring Heart devise
To bring some nobler Sacrifice ;

It sinks beneath the mighty Load :
What shall I render to my God ?

IV.

To him I'll consecrate my Praise,
And vow the Remnant of my Days ;
Yet what at best can I pretend,
Worthy such Gifts from such a Friend ?

V.

In deep Abasement, LORD, I see
My Emptiness and Poverty ;
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

VI.

Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,
That Heav'n may echo with my Song ;
The Theme, too great for Time, shall be
The Joy of long Eternity.

XIV. Long Metre.

Praising God through the whole of our Existence.

I.

GOD of my Life, thro' all its Days
My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy Praise ;
The Song shall wake with op'ning Light,
And warble to the silent Night.

II.

When anxious Cares would break my Rest,
And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breast,
Thy tuneful Praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the Murmur and the Sigh.

III.

When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,

Joy thro' my swimming Eyes shall break,
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

IV.

But O, when that last Conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,
With what glad Accents shall I rise
To join the Music of the Skies!

V.

Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;
And emulate with Joy unknown
The glowing Seraphs round thy Throne.

VI.

The chearful Tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless Soul can live;
A Work so sweet, a Theme so high,
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

XV. Common Metre.

*The Goodness of God appearing in the whole
Frame of Nature.*

I.

LORD, thou art good; all Nature shews
Thee full, and free, and kind;
Thy Bounty thro' Creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

II.

The Whole and ev'ry Part proclaims
Unlimited Good-will;
It shines in Stars, and flows in Streams,
And broods on ev'ry Hill.

III.

It spreads thro' all the spreading Main,
 And Heav'ns which spread more wide;
 It drops in ev'ry Show'r of Rain,
 And rolls on ev'ry Tide.

IV.

This makes the heav'nly People sing;
 Their Hearts with Transport glow;
 Supplies and comforts ev'ry Thing
 That lives and moves below.

V.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free
 Thro' Ages past and gone;
 Nor ever can exhausted be,
 But still keeps flowing on.

VI.

Still on this All it pours Supplies,
 Spreads Joy thro' ev'ry Part;
 LORD, let such Goodness draw my Eyes,
 And captivate my Heart.

VII.

Let it high Admiration raise,
 And strong Affection move;
 Employ my Tongue in Songs of Praise,
 And fill my Heart with Love.

XVI. Long Metre.

On glorifying of God.

I.

YES, LORD, since I am wholly thine,
 I'll give thee ev'ry Thing that's mine;
 My Body, Soul, and Substance too;
 'Tis only yielding up thy Due.

II.

My Mind and all its Pow'rs shall be
Henceforth devoted all to thee;
I'll think and choose, resolve and love,
As thou shalt dictate and approve.

III.

For thee my Wealth shall be enjoy'd;
My Time and Strength for thee employ'd;
And ev'ry Appetite and Sense
Restrain'd from giving thee Offence.

IV.

For thee I'll Health and Ease forego,
I'll Pain endure, and welcome Woe;
Nor when requir'd will I refuse
My very Life for thee to lose.

V.

Thus still to act, is to pursue
The End I still should have in View;
And whilst I live, and when I die,
My gracious God to glorify.

XVII. Common Metre.

God's sovereign Dominion.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thy pow'rful Word
From nothing all Things brought!
Earth, Seas and Skies, by thee their LORD,
With Skill divine were wrought!

II.

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains
A Proof of Pow'r divine;
And all that this great All contains
By sov'reign Right is thine.

III.

Thou over all art LORD supreme,
 All else from thee derive ;
 No Being can dispute this Claim,
 Or independent live.

IV.

To thee, our LORD, we therefore bow ;
 To thee our all resign ;
 Entire to thee ourselves we vow,
 For we are wholly thine.

V.

To thee, and thee alone, we'll live,
 From other Lords withdrawn ;
 No more to Sin Obedience give,
 Nor think ourselves our own.

VI.

Accept what now without Reserve
 We to thy Will resign ;
 And let thy mighty Grace preserve
 And perfect what is thine.

XVIII. Long Metre.

Giving Thanks to G O D.

I.

Y E S, LORD, my joyful Thanks to thee,
 Shall, like my Debts, continual be ;
 In constant Streams thy Bounty flows,
 Nor End nor Intermiſſion knows.

II.

Thy Kindness all my Comforts gives,
 My num'rous Wants thy Hand relieves ;
 Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
 Who live on thy exhaustless Store.

III.

If what I wish thy Will denies,
'Tis because thou art good and wise ;
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canst, thou dost to Blessings turn.

IV.

Deep, LORD, upon my thankful Breast,
Let all thy Favours be imprest,
That I may never more forget
The Sum, or any single Debt

V.

I would with grateful Heart each Day
For all thy Gifts my Praises pay ;
And always well-dispos'd would be
In all Things to give Thanks to thee.

XIX. Common Metre.

The Frailty of human Life.

I.

L ORD, what a feeble Frame is ours !
How vain a Thing is Man !
How frail are all his boasted Pow'rs !
And short, at best, his Span !

II.

Swift as the feather'd Arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding Air ;
Or as a kindling Meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear ;

III.

So pass our fleeting Years away,
And Time runs on its Race ;
In vain we ask a Moment's Stay,
Nor will it slack its Pace.

IV.

But, LORD, what mighty Things depend
On our precarious Breath !
And soon this dying Life will end
In endless Life or Death.

V.

O, make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand Concern,
And for our Change prepare !

VI.

May think of Death, and learn to die
To all inferior Things ;
Whilst our glad Souls still soaring fly
Tow'rds Life's eternal Springs.

VII.

Then may we bid our Years roll on,
And Time make haste away ;
The sooner will our Souls be gone
To endless Life and Day.

XX. Long Metre.

A Thought of Sickness and Death.

I.

MY Soul, the Minutes haste away ;
Apace comes on th' important Day,
When in the icy Arms of Death,
I must give up my vital Breath.

II.

Look forward to the awful Scene,
How wilt thou be affected then ;
When from on high some sharp Disease,
Resistless shall these Vitals seize ?

III.

When worldly Glories fade away,
Fast as I feel my Life decay;
Still dwindling till they disappear,
Like Vapours lost in empty Air.

IV.

When all Eternity's in Sight;
The brightest Day or blackest Night;
One Shock will break the Building down,
And waft thee swift to Worlds unknown.

V.

O come, my Soul, the Matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred Clay?
And how the unknown Regions try,
And lanch into Eternity?

VI.

By Faith the heav'nly Realms explore,
Oft try thy Wings, and upward soar;
Be dead to Earth, dwell much on high;
Then calmly live, and bravely die.

XXI. Long Metre.

Going the Way whence we shall not return.

I.

BEHOLD the Path that Mortals tread,
Down to the Regions of the Dead!
Nor will the fleeting Moments stay,
Nor can we measure back the Way.

II.

Our Kindred and our Friends are gone;
Know, O my Soul, their Doom's thy own!
Feeble as their's my mortal Frame,
The same my Way, my House the same.

III.

From vital Air, from chearful Light,
To the cold Grave's perpetual Night ;
From Scenes of Duty, Means of Grace,
Must I to God's Tribunal pass.

IV.

Awake, my Soul, thy Way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal Care ;
With steady Feet that Path be trod,
Which thro' the Grave conducts to God.

V.

My God, to thee my All I trust !
And if thou call me down to Dust,
I know thy Voice, I bless thy Hand,
And die in Smiles at thy Command.

VI.

What was my Terror, is my Joy ;
These Views my brightest Hopes employ,
To go, ere many Years are o'er,
Secure I shall return no more.

XXII. Short Metre.

Support in the View of Death.

I.

BEHOLD the gloomy Vale
Which thou, my Soul, must tread,
Beset with Terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the Dead !

II.

Ye pleasing Scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known ;
My Friends, a long Farewel to you,
For I must pass alone.

III.

When worldly Glories fade away,
 Fast as I feel my Life decay;
 Still dwindling till they disappear,
 Like Vapours lost in empty Air.

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Which I so long have known ;
My Friends, a long Farewel to you,
For I must pass alone.

III.

And thou, beloved Clay,
 Long Partner of my Cares,
 In this rough Path art torn away
 With Agony and Tears.

IV.

But see a Ray of Light,
 With Splendors all divine,
 Breaks thro' these doleful Realms of Night,
 And makes its Horrors shine.

V.

Where Death and Darkness reigns,
 JEHOVAH is my Stay ;
 His Rod my trembling Feet sustains,
 His Staff defends my Way.

VI.

Dear Shepherd, lead me on ;
 My Soul disdains to fear ;
 Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,
 Now Life's great LORD is near.

XXIII. Common Metre.

The Ways of the Upright known to GOD.

I.

TO thee, my God, my Days are known ;
 My Soul enjoys the Thought ;
 My Actions all before thy Face,
 Nor are my Faults forgot.

II.

Each secret Breath Devotion vents
 Is vocal to thy Ear ;
 And all my Walks of daily Life
 Before thy Eye appear.

III.

The vacant Hour, the active Scene,
 Thy Mercy shall approve,
 And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,
 And ev'ry Care of Love.

IV.

Each golden Hour of beaming Light
 Is gilded by thy Rays,
 And dark Affliction's midnight Gloom,
 A present God surveys.

V.

Full in thy View thro' Life I pass,
 And in thy View I die ;
 And, when each mortal Bond is broke,
 Shall find my God is nigh.

VI.

Stripp'd of its little earthly All,
 My Soul in Smiles shall go ;
 And in a heav'nly Heritage
 Its Father's Bounty know.

XXIV. Common Metre.

*The timorous Saint encouraged by the Assurance
 of divine Hope.*

I.

AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
 To dissipate our Fear ?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
 Our God for ever near ?

II.

Doth thy right Hand, which form'd the Earth,
 And bears up all the Skies,

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Stretch from on high its friendly Aid,
When Dangers round us rise?

III.

Dost thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints?
And in such tender Accents speak
To sooth their sad Complaints?

IV.

On this Support my Soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry Care;
The gloomy Vale of Death must smile,
If God be with me there.

V.

While I his gracious Succour prove
'Midst all my various Ways,
The darkest Shades, thro' which I pass,
Shall echo with his Praise.

XXV. As the cxiiith Psalm.

The dying Christian.

I.

O VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!
Resign and quit thy mortal Frame;
Tho' trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
How vast the Pain, the Bliss of dying!
Cease, cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
And let me languish into Life.

II.

Hark, hark, they whisper! Angels say,
"Come, Sister Spirit, come away;"
But what is this absorbs me quite!

Which steals my Senses, shuts my Sight!
Which drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath!
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens on my Eyes, my Ears
With sweetest Sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount, I fly,
O Grave, where is thy Victory!
O Death, where is thy pointed Sting!

XXVI. Long Metre.

Deliverance celebrated.

I. II.

GREAT Source of Life, our Souls confess
The various Riches of thy Grace;
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

II.

By thee Heav'n's shining Arch was spread,
By thee were Earth's Foundations laid;
And all the Charms of Mens Abode,
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

III.

Thy tender Hand restores our Breath,
When trembling near the Verge of Death;
Gently it wipes away our Tears,
And lengthens Life to future Years.

IV.

These Lives are sacred to the LORD;
Kindled by him, by him restor'd:
And while our Hours renew their Race,
Still would we walk before his Face.

So when our Souls by him are led
Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead ;
With Joy triumphant shall they move
To Seats of nobler Life above.

XXVII. Long Metre.

The Goodness of GOD invARIABLE.

I.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy !
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year.

II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole ;
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

III.

The flow'ry Spring at thy Command
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land ;
The Summer Rays with Vigor shine,
To raise the Corn, and chear the Vine.

IV.

Seasons and Months, and Weeks and Days,
Demand successive Songs of Praise ;
Still be the chearful Homage paid,
With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade.

V.

Here in thy House shall Incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes ;
Still will we make thy Mercies known
Around thy Board, and round our own.

VI.

O may our more harmonious Tongues,
 In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs;
 And in those brighter Courts adore,
 Where Days and Years revolve no more!

XXVIII. Common Metre.

God's Mercy and Grace to his Creatures.

I.

OUR Souls with pleasing Wonder view
 The Bounties of thy Grace;
 How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
 For them that seek thy Face!

II.

Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Bliss
 Oft makes their Cup run o'er,
 And in the Cov'nant of thy Love
 They find diviner Store.

III.

Here Mercy hides their num'rous Sins;
 Here Grace their Souls renews;
 Here thy own reconciled Face
 Doth heav'nly Beams diffuse.

IV.

But O, what Treasures yet unknown
 Are lodg'd in Worlds to come!
 If these th' Enjoyments by the Way,
 How happy is their Home!

V.

And what shall mortal Worms reply?
 Or how such Goodness own?
 But 'tis our Joy that, LORD, to thee
 Thy Servants Hearts are known.

VI.

Since Time's too short, all-gracious God,
 To utter all thy Praise,
 Loud to the Honour of thy Name
 Eternal Hymns we'll raise.

XXIX. As the cxiiith Psalm.

The happy Man.

I.

BLEST is the Man who fears the LORD,
 And walks with Pleasure in his Ways,
 Who trembles at his holy Word,
 And gladly his Commands obeys :
 His House with Blessings shall abound,
 His Seed be mighty and renown'd.

II.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart,
 His Kindness widely he extends ;
 The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,
 To some he gives, to others lends :
 Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs
 By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

III.

When Times with dismal Face appear,
 By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erspread,
 His Heart shall entertain no Fear,
 Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head :
 His Faith shall bear his Courage up,
 And God approve, and crown his Hope.

IV.

When raging Waves and Tempests rore,
 And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd ;

He'll sit, and see it, safe on Shore,
 With Life and with Salvation crown'd :
 On Earth Renown, and Heav'n above
 Shall recompence his Faith and Love.

XXX. Long Metre.

Properties of Charity.

I.

LET Men of high Conceit and Zeal,
 Their Fervors and their Faith proclaim;
 If Charity be wanting still,
 The rest is but a sounding Name.

II.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the Mind,
 And Zeal to set the World on Fire ;
 But Charity is calm and kind,
 And gentle Thoughts will still inspire.

III.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
 But slowly her Resentments rise ;
 Soon she forgets the greatest Wrong,
 But Rage and all Revenge defies.

IV.

She envies none their better State,
 But makes her Neighbour's Bliss her own ;
 Nor vaunts herself with Mind elate,
 But still a modest Air puts on.

V.

She drives all Malice from her Breast,
 To ill Suspicion ne'er gives Way ;
 But ever hopes and thinks the Best,
 And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

VI.

This is the Grace that reigns on high,
 And brightly will for ever burn ;
 When Hope shall in Enjoyment die,
 And Faith to Sight triumphant turn.

XXXI. As the cxiiith Psalm.

God's Government.

I.

YE Subjects of the LORD proclaim
 The royal Honours of his Name ;
 " JEHOVAH reigns," be all your Song :
 'Tis he, thy GOD, O Zion, reigns,
 Prepare thy most harmonious Strains
 Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

II.

Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,
 But lay the glitt'ring Trifles down
 In lowly Honours at his Feet :
 A Span your narrow Empire bounds,
 He reigns beyond created Rounds,
 In self-sufficient Glory great.

III.

Tremble, ye Pageants of a Day,
 Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,
 Down to the Dust your Scepters bend :
 To everlasting Years he reigns,
 And undiminish'd Pomp maintains,
 When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall end.

IV.

So shall his favour'd Zion live ;
 In vain confed'rate Nations strive
 Her sacred Turrets to destroy :

Her

Her Sov'reign sits inthron'd above,
And endless Pow'r and endless Love
Insure her Safety and her Joy.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Gratitude and Submission to God.

I.

WHAT Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

II.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound;
Or think thee LORD alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

III.

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw;
Or deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge thy Foe.

IV.

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

P A U S E.

V.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
Still in the Right to stay;

N

If I am wrong, O teach my Heart
To find that better Way.

VI.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

VII.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath ;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

VIII.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot,
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
And let thy Will be done.

IX.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Beings raise !
All Nature's Incense rise !

XXXIII. Long Metre.

God our heavenly Father.

I.

FATHER of all, inthron'd above,
Eternal Honours crown thy Name !
Thy Kingdom come with Pow'r and Love,
Till Earth like Heav'n approve the same.

II.

LORD, make our daily Wants thy Care,
Forgive our Sins which taint the Mind ;

May we such Mercy ever share,
As we to Mercy are inclin'd.

III.

From dang'rous Snares defend each Hour,
And let no Evil press us fore ;
For thine's the Kingdom, thine the Pow'r,
The Glory's thine for evermore.

XXXIV. Common Metre.

G O D our constant Benefactor.

I.

GREAT GOD, to thee my grateful Tongue
Directs its first Essays !
Inspire my Heart to raise the Song,
Which celebrates thy Praise.

II.

From thy almighty forming Hand
I drew my vital Pow'rs ;
My Time revolves at thy Command,
In all its circling Hours.

III.

Thy Pow'r, my ever-present Guard,
From ev'ry Ill defends ;
While num'rous Dangers me surround,
My Help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings,
How sweet is my Repose !
The Morning-Light revives the Springs
From whence my Comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy Praise
Let me employ my Breath ;

If I am wrong, O teach my Heart
To find that better Way.

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IV.

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How sweet is my Repose !
The Morning-Light revives the Springs
From whence my Comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy Praise
Let me employ my Breath ;

268 H Y M N XXXV.

And walking stedfast in thy Ways,
I'll triumph over Death. F.

XXXV. Long Metre.

For spreading Divine Knowledge.

I.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear?
While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,
Wilt thou, the great JEHOVAH, hear?

II.

Look down, O God, with pitying Eye,
And view the Desolation round;
See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,
And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

III.

Loud let the Gospel-Trumpet blow,
And call the Nations from afar;
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

IV.

With gentle Beams on Britain shine,
And bless her Princes, and her Priests;
And by thy Energy divine,
Let sacred Love o'erflow their Breasts.

V.

Triumphant here let JESUS reign,
And on his Vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the Virtues of his Train
Adorn our Church, and bless our Isle.

VI.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,
Like heav'nly Dew, in copious Show'rs;

That we may call our God our Friend,
That we may hail Salvation ours.

VII.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree,
United Shouts of Joy to raise ;
And Zion, made a Praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the Praise.

XXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD the Support and Guardian of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky,
Who from his lofty Throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such Souls his own.

II.

The haughty Sinner he disdains,
Tho' Gems his Temples crown ;
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride
His Vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious Poor
He makes his Face to shine,
He fills their Cottages of Clay
With Lustre all divine.

IV.

Among the meanest of thy Flock,
There let my Dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded Roofs,
If absent, LORD, from thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy strong Name we trust,

270 H Y M N XXXVII.

And bless the Hand of sov'reign Love,
Which lifts us from the Dust.

XXXVII. Common Metre.

*God's Condescension in his tender Care of
Mankind.*

I.

AND will the Majesty of Heav'n
Accept us for his Sheep?
And with a Shepherd's tender Care
Such worthless Creatures keep?

II.

And will he spread his guardian Arms
Round our defenceless Head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing Shade?

III.

And will he lead our weary Souls
To that delightful Scene,
Where Rivers of Salvation flow
Thro' Pastures ever green?

IV.

What Thanks can mortal Men repay
For Favours great as thine?
Or how can Tongues of feeble Clay
Proclaim such Love divine?

V.

Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious Thou!
Our Souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble Joy,
In silent Transports bow.

XXXVIII. Common Metre.

The awful God.

I.

SING to the LORD, ye heav'nly Hosts,
And thou, O Earth, adore!
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts
Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

II.

His sounding Chariot shakes the Sky,
He makes the Clouds his Throne;
There all his Stores of Lightning lie,
Till Vengeance darts them down.

III.

His Nostrils breathe out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue
A sov'reign Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad!

V.

What shall the Wretch, the Sinner do!
He once defy'd the LORD;
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his Word.

XXXIX. Common Metre.

The divine Glories above our Reason.

I.

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,

Who dwells amidst the dazzling Light
Of vast Infinity !

II.

Our Reason stretches all its Wings,
And climbs above the Skies ;
But still how far beneath thy Feet
Our grov'ling Reason lies !

III.

LORD, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore ;
For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can stretch a Thought no more.

IV.

Thy Glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring Tongue ;
In vain the highest Seraph tries
To form an equal Song.

XL. Short Metre.

God's Kindness in Affliction.

I.

HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God !
And O, how rich his Blessings are,
Which blossom from his Rod !

II.

He lifts it up on high
With Pity in his Heart,
That ev'ry Stroke his Children feel
May Grace and Peace impart.

III.

Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign Sway,

They turn their erring Footsteps back
To his forsaken Way.

IV.

His Cov'nant-Love they seek,
And seek the happy Bands,
That closer still engage their Hearts
To honour his Commands.

V.

Dear Father, we consent
To Discipline divine;
And bless the Pains that make our Souls
Still more completely thine.

XLI. Long Metre.

The Christian Race.

I.

AWAKE, our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

III.

The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

IV.

From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our Souls shall draw a large Supply;

While such as seek refreshing Draughts
From mortal Streams shall droop and die.

v.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thy Abode ;
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road.

XLII. Short Metre.

Preserving Grace.

I.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises sing.

II.

'Tis his almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

III.

He will present our Souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the faithful Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

V.

To our most gracious God
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,

Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

XLIII. Common Metre.

Obedience to our heavenly Father.

I.

MY God, my Father, I adore
That dear commanding Name ;
'Twill my whole Soul to Life restore,
And kindle all my Flame.

II.

Entire I bow to thy Commands,
Thus filial Homage pay,
With Heart and Life, with Tongue and Hands,
I'll chearfully obey.

III.

I'll wilfully no more transgress,
As I too oft have done ;
But ev'ry sinful Thought suppress,
Each sinful Action shun.

IV.

Each Day I live, I'll seek with Care
My Father well to please ;
And in this Course will persevere
By thy assisting Grace.

V.

Thus will I close Relation claim,
And prove myself thy Son ;
And whilst I bear the glorious Name,
My Father's Rights will own.

VI.

I will, but thou must Strength impart
This Promise to fulfil ;

LORD, write thy Laws upon my Heart,
That I may do thy Will!

XLIV. Common Metre.

The gracious Assistance of God implored.

I.

BEHOLD the Glass the Gospel lends,
That Men themselves may view ;
How free from Stain its Surface is !
How polish'd and how true !

II.

Behold that wise, that perfect Law,
Which noblest Freedom gives !
O may it all our Souls refine,
And sanctify our Lives !

III.

Not with a transient Glance survey'd,
And in an Hour forgot ;
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry Heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry Thought.

IV.

Great Author of each perfect Gift,
Thy quick'ning Grace display,
That these rebellious roving Pow'rs
May hearken and obey.

V.

Inspir'd by thee, our feeble Souls
Shall pass victorious on ;
As the faint dawning Light improves
To all the Blaze of Noon.

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XLV. Common Metre.

Holiness and Comfort from the Word of God.

I.

LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just ?
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.

II.

Thy Precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

III.

My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
“ How sweet thy Comforts be ; ”
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to thee.

IV.

And when my Spirit drinks her fill,
At some good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that share the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

XLVI. Common Metre.

God the Searcher of our Thoughts and Ways.

I.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost Mind ;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

II.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear ;

278 H Y M N XLVII.

The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro' the Disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice,
Where not the Heart is found.

IV.

LORD, search my Thoughts and try my Ways,
And make my Soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

XLVII. Long Metre.

Searching and trying our Ways.

I.

THY piercing Eye, O God, surveys
The various Windings of our Ways;
Teach us their Tendency to know,
And judge the Paths in which we go.

II.

Had not thy Mercy been our Aid,
So fatally our Feet had stray'd,
Stern Justice had its Pris'ners led
Down to the Chambers of the Dead,

III.

O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our Ways in vain;
Shine, and the Path of Life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's Hill.

IV.

Roll on, ye swift-revolving Years,
And end this round of Sins and Cares;

H Y M N XLVIII, XLIX. 279

No more a Wand'rer would I roam,
But near my Father fix at home.

XLVIII. Short Metre.

God's Care of those who trust in him.

I.

HOW gentle God's Commands !
How kind his Precepts are !
Come cast your Burdens on the LORD,
And trust his constant Care.

II.

While Providence supports,
Let Saints securely dwell ;
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his Children well.

III.

Why should this anxious Load
Press down your weary Mind ?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's Throne,
And sweet Refreshment find.

IV.

His Goodness stands approv'd
Down to the present Day ;
I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,
And bear a Song away.

XLIX. Common Metre.

God's Protection and Grace relied on.

I.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to Sin.

II.

And while I rest my weary Head,
 From Cares and Business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed
 With my own Heart and thee.

III.

I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice ;
 And when my Work is done,
 Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
 Upon thy Grace alone.

IV.

Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
 I'll give my Eyes to sleep ;
 Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
 And will my Slumbers keep.

L. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

I.

BLEST is the Man who shuns the Place
 Where Sinners love to meet ;
 Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
 And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

II.

But in the Statutes of the LORD
 Hath plac'd his chief Delight ;
 By Day he reads or hears the Word,
 And meditates by Night.

III.

Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
 Shall his Profession shine ;
 While Fruits of Holiness appear
 Like Clusters on the Vine.

IV.

Not so the Impious and Unjust ;
 What vain Designs they form !
 Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
 Or Chaff before the Storm.

V.

Sinners in Judgment shall not stand
 Amongst the Sons of Grace,
 When CHRIST the Judge at his right Hand
 Appoints his Saints a Place.

VI.

His Eyes behold the Path they tread,
 His Heart approves it well ;
 But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
 Down to the Gates of Hell.

L I. Common Metre.

G O D ' s *Eternity.*

I.

R ISE, rise my Soul, and leave the Ground,
 Stretch all my Thoughts abroad ;
 And rouse up ev'ry tuneful Sound,
 To praise th' eternal God.

II.

Long ere the lofty Skies were spread,
 JEHOVAH fill'd his Throne ;
 Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundless Years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their Prime ;
 ETERNITY's his Dwelling-place,
 And EVER is his Time.

IV.

While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
 The present, and the past,
 He fills his own immortal Now,
 And sees our Ages waste.

V.

The Sea and Sky must perish too,
 And vast Destruction come;
 The Creatures, look, how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery Doom!

VI.

Well, let the Sea shrink all away,
 And Flame melt down the Skies,
 My God shall live an endless Day,
 When th' old Creation dies.

LII. Common Metre.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

I.

MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake my sluggish Soul;
 Nothing hath half thy Work to do,
 Yet Nothing's half so dull.

II.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
 Labour and tug and strive;
 Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain
 How negligent we live!

III.

We, for whose sake the Sun still shines,
 And Moons their Courses move;
 We, for whose Guard the Angel-Bands
 Come flying from above.

IV.

We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood !

V.

LORD, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts !
Come heav'nly Grace, from God the Source,
And animate our Hearts.

VI.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise ;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly to take the Prize.

LIII. Common Metre.

Christian Virtues.

I.

STRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait
That leads to Joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crowds mistake and die.

II.

Beloved Self must be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd ;
Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,
And vain Desires subdu'd.

III.

The Love of Gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry ;)
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Sense,
In sweet Subjection lie.

IV.

The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r,
Requires a strong Restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry Hour,
And pray, but never faint.

V.

LORD, can a feeble, helpless Worm
Fulfil a Work so hard?
Thy Grace will aid us to perform,
And give a large Reward.

LIV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.

I.

LONG have I sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, LORD;
But still how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

II.

Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a Portion of thy Grace,
My Memory can retain!

III.

Thou great Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne!

IV.

How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!

v.

Great God, thy quick'ning Pow'r impart,
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

vi.

Shew my forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high;
There Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

LV. Common Metre.

Frailty and Folly.

i.

HOW short and hasty is our Life!
How vast our Souls Affairs!
Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their Years.

ii.

Our Days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a Moment's stay;
Just as a Story, or a Song,
We pass our Lives away.

iii.

God from on high invites us Home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

iv.

How they deserve that Bliss to lose,
Who slight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance may they fear,
Who break such Cords of Love!

v.

Draw us, O GOD, with sov'reign Grace,
 And lift our Thoughts on high ;
 That we may end this mortal Race,
 And see Salvation nigh.

LVI. Common Metre.

Life frail, Eternity approaching.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame !
 What dying Worms are we !

II.

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase ;
 And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell
 Leaves but the Number less.

III.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
 To push us to the Tomb ;
 And fierce Diseases wait around
 To hurry Mortals Home.

IV.

Good God, on what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things !
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead,
 Upon Life's feeble Strings !

V.

Infinite Joy, or endless Woe
 Attends on ev'ry Breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death !

VI.

Waken, O LORD, our drousy Sense
To walk this dang'rous Road ;
And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God !

LVII. Common Metre.

The Misery of being without God in this World.

I.

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great ;
Tho' they increase their golden Store,
And rise to wond'rous Height.

II.

They taste of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod ;
Well, they may search the Creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

III.

Shake off the Thought of dying too,
And think your Life your own ;
But Death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your Glory down.

IV.

Yes, you must bow your stately Head,
Away your Spirit flies ;
And no kind Angel near your Bed
To bear it to the Skies.

V.

Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you shine ;
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVIII. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK, from the Tombs a doleful Sound !
 My Ears attend the Cry ;
 “ Ye living Men come view the Ground,
 “ Where you must shortly lie.

II.

“ Princes, this Clay must be your Bed,
 “ In Spite of all your Tow’rs ;
 “ The Tall, the Wise, the Rev’rend Head,
 “ Must lie as low as ours.”

III.

Great God, is this our certain Doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

VI.

Give us the Pow’rs of quick’ning Grace,
 To fit our Souls to fly ;
 Then when we drop this dying Flesh,
 We’ll rise above the Sky.

LIX. Common Metre.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

I.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends ?
 Or shake when Death draws nigh ?
 The Messenger which Jesus sends
 To call them to the Sky.

II.

Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as Time can move ?

Nor

Nor would we wish the Hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

III.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
'Twas there the Flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a long Perfume.

IV.

The Graves of all the Saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry Bed;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with the dying Head?

V.

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the LORD our Flesh shall fly
At the great Rising-Day.

VI.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
And bid our Kindred rise;
Awake ye Nations under Ground;
Ye Saints ascend the Skies.

LX. Common Metre.

Man's necessary Dependence on GOD.

I.

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To GOD's upholding Hand;
Ten thousand Snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

II.

That was a most amazing Pow'r
Which rais'd us with a Word;

O

And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,
We lean upon the LORD.

III.

The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room;
We wake, and we admire the Bed
Which was not made our Tomb.

IV.

The rising Morn cannot assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To take our Lives away.

V.

GOD is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
Beneath his shady Wings.

LXI. Common Metre.

Submission in afflictive Providences.

I.

THE dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours, borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

II.

'Tis GOD who lifts our Comforts high,
Or sinks them in the Grave;
He gives, and blessed be his Name,
He takes but what he gave.

III.

Peace all our angry Passions then,
Let each rebellious Sigh,

Be silent at his sov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

IV.

If smiling Mercy crowns our Lives,
Its Praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the Justice too,
That strikes our Comforts dead.

LXII. Long Metre.

*The Conquest of Death and Grief by Views of
the Heavenly State.*

I.

LIFT up, ye Saints, your weeping Eyes ;
Suspend your Sorrows and your Sighs ;
Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs,
Which Jesus dictates to your Tongues.

II.

Thus saith the Saviour from his Throne,
" Behold all former Things are gone,
" Past like an anxious Dream away,
" Chas'd by the golden Beams of Day.

III.

" See in celestial Pomp array'd,
" A new-created World display'd ;
" Mark with what Light its Prospects shine !
" How grand, how various, how divine !

IV.

" There my own gentle Hand shall dry
" Each Tear from each o'erflowing Eye ;
" For ever there my People dwell,
" Beyond the Rage of Death and Hell."

V.

Vain King of Terrors, boast no more
 Thy ancient wide-extended Pow'r ;
 Each Saint in Life with CHRIST his Head
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

LXIII. Long Metre.

Parting with carnal Joys.

I.

I SEND the Joys of Earth away,
 Away ye Tempters of the Mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful Sea,
 And empty as the whistling Wind.

II.

Your Streams have carry'd Souls along,
 Down to the Gulf of black Despair ;
 And if I listen to your Song,
 My dreadful Portion must be there.

III.

LORD, I adore thy matchless Grace,
 That warns me of that dark Abyss ;
 That draws me from those treach'rous Seas,
 And bids me seek superior Bliss.

IV.

Now to the shining Realms above,
 I stretch my Hands, and raise my Eyes ;
 O for the Pinions of a Dove,
 To bear me to the upper Skies !

V.

There from the Presence of my God,
 Oceans of endless Pleasures roll ;
 There would I fix my last Abode,
 And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

LXIV. Common Metre.

The divine Perfections as displayed in Creation.

I.

I SING th' almighty Power of God,
 Who bid the Mountains rise,
 Who spread the flowing Seas abroad,
 And built the lofty Skies.

II.

I sing the Wisdom which ordain'd
 The Sun to rule the Day ;
 The Moon shines full at his Command,
 And all the Stars obey.

III.

I sing the Goodness of the LORD,
 Who fill'd the Earth with Food ;
 He form'd the Creatures with his Word,
 And then pronounc'd them Good.

IV.

And Man, the chief, ordain'd to rule
 O'er all his Works below,
 Enjoy his World, his Works admire,
 And the great Author know ;

V.

Of Goodness and of Piety,
 The noble Joys to prove ;
 And thus to Angels growing like,
 Rise to their Bliss above.

VI.

Bless God, my Soul, who thee design'd
 For endless Bliss on high ;
 And with the Sons of Light in Praise,
 Love and Obedience vie.

LXV. Common Metre.

The Divine Omnipresence.

I.

LORD, how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my Eyes ;
If I survey the Ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the Skies.

II.

There's not a Plant or Flower below,
But makes thy Glories known ;
And Storms arise, and Tempests blow,
By Order from thy Throne.

III.

Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy Care ;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

IV.

In Heaven he shines with Beams of Love ;
Of Wrath in Hell beneath ;
'Tis on his Earth I stand, or move,
And 'tis his Air I breathe.

V.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard ;
He keeps me with his Eye ;
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh ?

LXVI. Long Metre.

*The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and
Restoration of this World.*

I.

SING to the LORD who built the Skies,
The LORD who rear'd this stately Frame;
Let all the Nations sound his Praise,
And ev'ry Heart adore his Name.

II.

He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop, and ev'ry Dust,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And push'd them into Motion first.

III.

Now from his high imperial Throne,
He looks far down upon the Spheres;
He bids the shining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty Years.

IV.

Thus shall this moving Engine last
Till all his Saints are gather'd in;
Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blast
To shake it all to Dust again!

V.

Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skies,
And Lightning burn the Globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

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LXVII. Common Metre.

The Frailty of Man.

I.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,
What feeble Things we are.

II.

Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Grass away.

III.

Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange, that a Harp of thousand Strings,
Should keep in Tune so long.

IV.

But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty Name,
Which rear'd us from the Dust.

V.

While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

LXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

I.

STOOP down, my Thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse a while with Death ;

Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

II.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feeble down,
His Pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful Grone,
He bids the World adieu.

III.

But O the Soul that never dies !
At once it leaves the Clay !
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wond'rous Way.

IV.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there ;
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Despair.

V.

And must my Body faint and die ?
And must this Soul remove ?
O for some Guardian-Angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !

VI.

JESUS, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I trust ;
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Dust.

LXIX. Short Metre.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

I.

COME, we who love the LORD,
And let our Joys be known ;

Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.

II.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

III.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their Joys abroad.

IV.

The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please ;
Who rides upon the stormy Sky,
And manages the Seas ;

V.

This awful God is ours,
He guards us with his Love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly Pow'rs,
To carry us above.

VI.

There shall we see his Face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the Rivers of his Grace
Drink endless Pleasures in.

VII.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry ;
We're marching o'er our Sov'reign's Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.

LXX. Common Metre.

Love to G O D.

I.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast ;
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear ;
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

V.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

LXXI. Long Metre.

A Sight of GOD mortifies us to the World.

I.

UP to the heav'nly Paradise,
Where purest Streams of Pleasure roll,

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Fain would my nobler Passions rise,
But Earth and Sense oppress my Soul.

II.

O might I once mount up and see
The Glories of th' eternal Skies ;
What little Things these Worlds would be,
How despicable to my Eyes !

III.

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon ;
Vanish as tho' I saw 'em not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

IV.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the Noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking Leaf,
While rattling Thunders round us rore.

V.

Great All in All, eternal King !
My Heart aspires to see thy Face ;
And all my Pow'rs admire and sing
Thy endless Grandeur and thy Grace.

LXXII. Long Metre.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

I.

LORD, how secure and blest are they, [clean !
Whose Hearts are pure, whose Hands are
Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and Sea,
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

II.

The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads,
Made up of Innocence and Love ;

And soft and silent as the Shades
Their nightly Minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away ;
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
And calm as Summer-Ev'nings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills,
Where Groves of living Pleasures grow ;
And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow.

V.

They scorn to seek for golden Toys,
But spend the Day, and share the Night
In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys,
Which Heaven prepares for their Delight.

LXXIII. Long Metre.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

I.

TIME, what an empty Vapour 'tis !
And Days, how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies,
Or like a shooting Star.

II.

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh ;
The Moment when our Lives begin,
We all begin to die.

III.

Yet, mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy lasting Favours share ;

Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace,
Thou load'st the rolling Year.

IV.

'Tis sov'reign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd with Love;
While Grace stands pointing out the Road,
That leads our Souls above.

V.

His Goodness runs an endless Round;
All Glory to the LORD!
His Mercy never knows a Bound;
And be his Name ador'd!

VI.

Thus we begin the lasting Song;
And when we close our Eyes,
Let the next Age thy Praise prolong,
Till Time and Nature dies.

LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Promises of God our Security.

I.

PRAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundations laid:
Praise to the God whose strong Decrees,
Sway the Creation as he please.

II.

Praise to the Goodness of the LORD,
Who rules his People by his Word;
And there as strong as his Decrees,
He sets his kindest Promises.

III.

Whence then should Doubts and Fears arise?
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes?

Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

IV.

O for a strong, a lasting Faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
T' obey the Precepts of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

V.

Then, should the Earth's old Pillars shake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break,
Our steady Souls should fear no more
Than solid Rocks when Billows rore.

VI.

Our everlasting Hopes arise
Above the ruinable Skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Pow'r sustains.

LXXV. Common Metre.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

I.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

II.

And you, my Eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb ;
This gloomy Prison waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.

III.

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their Stead ;

Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

IV.

Then should we see the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

V.

We should, almost, forsake our Clay
Before the Summons come,
And pray and wish our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

LXXVI. Common Metre.

The Christian's Security in the Promises of God.

I.

BEGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing;
The mighty Works or mightier Name
Of our Eternal King.

II.

Proclaim Salvation from the LORD
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand has writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

III.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass
The mighty Promise shines;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raise
Those everlasting Lines.

IV.

His very Word of Grace is strong
As that which built the Skies;

The Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promises.

v.

He said, " Let the wide Heav'n be spread ;"
And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
" Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said ;
And he was Abra'm's God.

vi.

Then let my Faith the World o'ercome,
My Heart and Life be pure ;
I'll trust the all-creating Voice,
And know my Heav'n secure.

LXXVII. Common Metre.

Future Happiness the Christian's present Joy.

i.

AWAKE, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes,
And raise your Voices high ;
Awake, and praise that wond'rous Love,
Which shews Salvation nigh.

ii.

On all the Wings of Time it flies ;
Each Moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining Day,
Welcome each closing Year.

iii.

Not many Years their Round shall run,
Nor many Mornings rise,
Ere all its Glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring Eyes.

iv.

Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course ;
Ye mortal Pow'rs, decay ;

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Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,
Ye bring eternal Day.

LXXVIII. Short Metre.

The Death of Friends improved.

I.

HOW swift the Torrent rolls
That bears us to the Sea ;
The Tide that bears our thoughtless Souls
To vast Eternity !

II.

Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their Joys and Griefs, and Hopes and Cares,
And Wealth and Honour gone ?

III.

But Joy or Grief succeeds,
Beyond our mortal Thought,
While the poor Remnant of their Dust
Lies in the Grave forgot.

IV.

There, where the Fathers lie,
Must all the Children dwell ;
Nor other Heritage possess
But such a gloomy Cell.

V.

God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend ;
While we, as on Life's utmost Verge,
Our Souls to thee commend.

VI.

Of all the pious Dead
May we the Footsteps trace,

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Till with them in the Land of Light
We dwell before thy Face.

LXXIX. Long Metre.

The Saints Expectation of a Judgment-Day.

I.

BEHOLD the Son of GOD, he comes
To shake the Earth, and rend the Tombs;
These Heav'ns before him melt away,
And Sun and Stars in Smoke decay.

II.

Yet, 'midst this gen'ral Wreck and Dread,
Ye Saints, with Triumph lift the Head;
With glad Surprise your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your Bliss complete.

III.

My Soul, a Happiness so great
With pleasing Expectation wait;
And while I dwell upon the Thought,
Be Earth and all its Toys forgot.

IV.

O blessed LORD, what Grace is thine,
Which gives a Prospect so divine!
Come, joyful Day, and teach our Tongues
How Angels warble out their Songs.

LXXX. Common Metre.

CHRIST coming to Judgment.

I.

JESUS adorn'd with Grace divine,
Ascends his Judgment-Throne;
Thro' Heav'ns extended Realms above,
He makes his Glory known.

II.

By his Command the Trumpet sounds,
And summons to his Bar ;
The piercing Blast shakes Heav'n around,
And thunders in the Air.

III.

The Earth and Seas his Orders hear,
Unclos'd is ev'ry Tomb ;
The awaken'd World attend, and fear
His Sentence and their Doom.

IV.

His Glory sets the World on Fire ;
The burning Earth and Seas,
With mingled Ruin soon expire,
And sink before his Face.

V.

The Saints, obedient to his Call,
With Joy receive their Crowns ;
The Wicked into Ruin fall,
Beneath his wrathful Frowns.

VI.

Break, sacred Morning, thro' the Skies,
And spread this glorious Day !
Blest Jesus, send a guardian Band,
To bear me safe away !

VII.

Then may I view thy smiling Face,
With strong immortal Eyes ;
Thro' endless Ages taste thy Grace,
With Pleasure and Surprise. F.

LXXXI. Common Metre.

Life to be improved.

I.

ONCE more, my Soul, the rising Day
Salutes thy waking Eyes;
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him who rules the Skies.

II.

Night unto Night his Name repeats,
The Day renews the Sound,
Wide as the Heav'n on which he sits
To turn the Seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal Frame,
My Tongue shall speak his Praise;
My Sins would rouse his Wrath to flame,
And yet his Wrath delays.

IV.

A Thousand wretched Souls are fled
Since the last setting Sun;
And yet thou length'nest out my Thread,
And yet my Moments run!

V.

Good God, let all my Hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the Light;
Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing Night.

LXXXII. Common Metre.

The Day approaching.

I.

THE Day approacheth, O my Soul!
The great decisive Day,

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Which from the Verge of mortal Life
Shall bear thee far away!

II.

Another Day more awful dawns;
And lo, the Judge appears!
Ye Heav'ns, retire before his Face,
And sink, ye darken'd Stars!

III.

Yet does one short preparing Hour,
One precious Hour remain;
Rouse then, my Soul, with all thy Pow'r,
Nor let it pass in vain.

IV.

With me my Brethren soon must die,
And at the Bar appear;
Now be our Intercourse improv'd,
To mutual Comfort here.

V.

For this thy Temple, LORD, we throng;
For this thy Board surround;
Here may our Service be approv'd,
And in thy Presence crown'd.

LXXXIII. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.

GOD faithful to his Promises.

I.

THE Promises I sing,
Which wond'rous Love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His Words of Grace revoke;

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They stand secure
And stedfast still ;
Not Zion's Hill
Abides so sure.

II.

The Mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears ;
And Sun and Moon decay,
That measure Mortals Years ;
But still the same
In radiant Lines
The Promise shines
Thro' all the Flame.

III.

Their Harmony shall sound
Thro' my attentive Ears,
When Thunders cleave the Ground,
And dissipate the Spheres ;
'Midst all the Shock
Of that dread Scene
I stand serene,
Thy Word my Rock.

IV.

Let all the Nations fear
The God who rules above ;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taste his Love ;
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praise,
His Saints shall raise
His Honours high.

LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Diligence in the Christian Race.

I.

GOD of the Morning, at whose Voice
 The chearful Sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a Giant doth rejoice
 To run his Journey thro' the Skies.

II.

From the fair Chambers of the East
 The Circuit of his Race begins,
 And without Weariness or Rest
 Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.

III.

O like the Sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed Duties of the Day;
 With ready Mind, and active Will
 March on and keep my heav'nly Way.

IV.

But I shall rove and lose the Race,
 If God, my Sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this World's wild Maze,
 To follow ev'ry wandering Star.

V.

LORD, thy Commands are clean and pure,
 Inlightning our beclouded Eyes;
 Thy Threatnings just, thy Promise sure;
 Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

VI.

Give me thy Counsels for my Guide,
 And then receive me to thy Bliss;
 All my Desires and Hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

LXXXV.

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LXXXV. Long Metre.

The divine Perfections celebrated.

I.

BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

II.

My Heart is fix'd ; my Song shall raise
Immortal Honours to thy Name ;
Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

III.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost Sky ;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

IV.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell ;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness.

I.

SOV'REIGN of Life, I own thy Hand
In ev'ry chastning Stroke ;
And while I smart beneath thy Rod,
Thy Presence I invoke.

II.

To thee in my Distress I cry'd,
And thou hast bow'd thy Ear ;

P

Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd,
And brought Salvation near.

III.

Unfold, ye Gates of Righteousness,
That with the pious Throng
I may record my solemn Vows,
And tune my grateful Song.

IV.

Praise to the LORD, whose gentle Hand
Renews our lab'ring Breath;
Praise to the LORD who makes his Saints
Triumphant ev'n in Death.

V.

My GOD, in thy appointed Hour
Those heav'nly Gates display,
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death,
For ever flee away.

VI.

There, while the Nations of the blest'd
With Raptures bow around,
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace
In sweeter Strains shall sound.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble.

I.

MY GOD, the Cov'nant of thy Love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless Grace I feel
My Happiness secure.

II.

What tho' my House be not with thee,
As Nature could desire!

To nobler Joys than Nature gives
Thy Servant shall aspire.

III.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
JESUS, my Guardian and my Friend,
And Heav'n my final Home.

IV.

I welcome all thy sov'reign Will ;
For all that Will is Love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the Light above.

V.

Thy Cov'nant in the darkest Gloom,
Shall heav'nly Rays impart ;
Which, when my Eyelids close in Death,
Shall warm my chilling Heart.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

*The Upright encouraging himself in the LORD
his GOD.*

I.

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious Name !
Still pregnant with Delight ;
It scatters round a chearful Beam
To gild the darkest Night.

II.

What tho' our mortal Comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring Flow'rs !
Nor Time, nor Death, can break that Band
Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

III.

My Cares, I give you to the Wind,
And shake you off like Dust ;
Well may I trust my All with him
With whom my Soul I trust.

LXXXIX. Common Metre.

The Faithful happy in Death.

I.

HEAR what the Voice from Heav'n pro-
For all the pious Dead, [claims
Sweet is the Savour of their Names,
And soft their sleeping Bed.

II.

They die in JESUS, and are blest ;
How kind their Slumbers are !
From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

III.

Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're present with the LORD ;
The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

XC. Common Metre.

Joy and Prosperity from the Blessing of God.

I.

SHINE on our Souls, eternal God,
With Rays of Favour shine !
O let thy Mercy crown our Days,
And all their Round be thine !

II.

Did we not raise our Hands to thee,
Our Hands might toil in vain ;

Small Joy Success itself could give,
If thou thy Love restrain.

III.

With thee let ev'ry Week begin ;
With thee each Day be spent ;
For thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

IV.

Thus chear us thro' this desert Road,
Till all our Labours cease ;
And Heav'n refresh our weary Souls
With everlasting Peace.

XCI. Short Metre.

The Mercies of GOD leading to Repentance.

I.

IS this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our Blessings flow ?

II.

To what a stubborn Frame
Hath Sin reduc'd our Mind ?
What strange rebellious Creatures we,
And GOD as strangely kind ?

III.

On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Rays ;
For us the Skies their Circles run
To lengthen out our Days.

IV.

The Brutes obey their GOD,
And bow their Necks to Men ;

But we more base, more brutish Things,
Reject his easy Reign,

v.

Let past Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks arise.

XCII. Common Metre.

Faith of Things unseen.

I.

FAITH is the brightest Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Flesh and Sense,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

II.

It sets Time past in present view,
Brings distant Prospects home,
Of Things a thousand Years ago,
Or thousand Years to come.

III.

By Faith we know the Worlds were made
By God's almighty Word;
Abra'm, to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the LORD.

IV.

He sought a City fair and high,
Built by th' eternal Hands;
And Faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly Building stands.

XCIII. Common Metre.

The Saints View of Death and Glory.

I.

THERE is a House not made with Hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

II.

Shortly this Prison of my Clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call !

III.

We walk by Faith of Joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his Word ;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're absent from the LORD.

IV.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the Flesh,
And present, LORD, with thee.

XCIV. Common Metre.

The Christian prepared to die.

I.

DEATH may dissolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home ;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
Nor my Salvation come ?

II.

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the LORD,

Finish'd my Course and kept the Faith,
And wait the sure Reward.

III.

God hath laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade ;
The right'ous Judge at that great Day,
Shall place it on my Head.

IV.

Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' Appearance of his Son.

V.

God is my everlasting Aid,
And Hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest Glory paid,
And endless Praise.—Amen.

XCV. Long Metre.

God the Fountain of all Good.

I.

FATHER of Lights, we sing thy Name,
Who kindlest up the Lamp of Day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden Flame,
His Beams thy Pow'r and Love display.

II.

Fountain of Good, from thee proceed
The copious Drops of genial Rain ;
Which thro' the Hills and thro' the Meads,
Revive the Grass, and swell the Grain.

III.

Thro' the wide World thy Bounties spread ;
Yet Millions of our guilty Race,

Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,
Affront thy Law, and spurn thy Grace.

IV.

Not so may our forgetful Hearts
O'erlook the Tokens of thy Care ;
But what thy lib'ral Hand imparts,
Still own in Praise, still ask in Pray'r.

V.

So shall our Suns more grateful shine,
And Show'rs in sweeter Drops shall fall ;
When all our Hearts and Lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

VI.

May CHRIST our brighter Sun arise ;
In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit send ;
Earth then shall grow a Paradise,
And in the heav'nly Eden end.

XCVI. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLEST are the humble Souls which see
Their Emptiness and Poverty ;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

II.

Blest are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart ;
From the divine Compassion flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.

III.

Blest are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War ;

God will secure their happy State,
And plead their Cause against the Great.

IV.

Blest are the Souls which thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living Streams and living Bread.

P A U S E.

V.

Blest are the Men whose Bowels move,
And melt in Sympathy and Love;
From God their Father they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.

VI.

Blest are the Pure, whose Heart is clean
From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin;
With endless Pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless Purity.

VII.

Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

VIII.

Blest are the Suff'ers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jesus' Sake;
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

XCVII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Creatures.

I.

THE Glories of my Maker God
My joyful Voice shall sing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

II.

'Twas his right Hand that shap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame ;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worship with our Tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the Skies,
And join th' angelic Songs.

IV.

Let grov'ling Beasts of ev'ry Shape,
And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Rocks and Trees, and Fires and Seas,
Their various Tribute bring.

V.

Ye Planets, to his Honour shine,
And Wheels of Nature roll ;
Praise him in your unweary'd Course
Around the steady Pole.

VI.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills ;
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

XCVIII. Long Metre

Salvation by divine Grace.

I.

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.

II.

Not for their Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He gave the Gospel to Mankind,
To form a People for his Praise.

III.

JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known;
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

IV.

He dies; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy;
Rising he brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Possession of the Joy.

XCIX. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.

The Names and Titles of CHRIST.

I.

WITH chearful Voice I sing
The Titles of my LORD,
And borrow all the Names
Of Honour from his Word:

Nature and Art
 Can ne'er supply
 Sufficient Forms
 Of Majesty.

II.

In JESUS we behold
 His Father's glorious Face,
 Shining for ever bright
 With mild and lovely Rays :
 Th' eternal GOD's
 Beloved Son,
 Inherits and
 Partakes the Throne.

III.

The sov'reign KING of Kings,
 The LORD of Lords most High,
 Writes his own Name upon
 His Garment and his Thigh :
 His Name is call'd
 The Word of GOD ;
 He rules the Earth
 With Iron Rod.

IV.

Immense Compassion reigns
 In our Redeemer's Heart,
 When he descends to act
 A Mediator's Part :
 He is a Friend,
 And Brother too ;
 Divinely kind,
 Divinely true.

At length the LORD the Judge
His awful Throne ascends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends :

Then shall the Saints
Completely prove
The Heights and Depths
Of all his Love.

C. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.

The Offices of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore :

All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

II.

But, O, what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly Grace !

My Eyes with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

III.

Array'd in mortal Flesh
 He like an Angel stands,
 And holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands :
 Commission'd from
 His Father's Throne,
 To make his Grace
 To Mortals known.

IV.

Great Prophet of my God,
 My Tongue would bless thy Name ;
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came ;
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.

V.

Now let my Soul arise,
 And tread the Tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To Conquest and a Crown :
 A feeble Saint
 Shall win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

CI. Long Metre.

CHRIST *the Sun of Righteousness.*

I.

TO thee, O God, we Homage pay,
 Source of the Light that rules the Day ;

Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,
Reflects thy Rays, and speaks thy Name.

II.

In louder Strains we sing that Grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose nobler Light Salvation brings,
And scatters Healing from his Wings.

III.

Still on our Hearts may JESUS shine
With Beams of Light and Love divine ;
Quickned by him our Souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

IV.

O may his Glories stand confess'd
From North to South, from East to West !
Successful may his Gospel run,
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun !

V.

When shall that radiant Scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer Skies,
CHRIST all his Lustre shall display
On all his Saints thro' endless Day ?

CII. Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

I.

LET everlasting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour and my LORD ;
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Blessings in thy Word.

II.

What if we trace the Globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan ;

There shall be no Religion found,
So just to God, so safe to Man.

III.

How well thy blessed Truths agree !
How wise and holy thy Commands !
Thy Promises how firm they be !
How firm our Hope and Comfort stands !

IV.

Not the feign'd Fields of heath'nish Bliss
Could raise such Pleasure in the Mind ;
Nor does the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.

V.

Should all the Forms that Men devise
Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CIII. Common Metre.

Hosanna to CHRIST coming.

I.

HARK the glad Sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

II.

On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its sacred Fire ;
Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love,
His holy Breast inspire.

III.

He comes the Pris'ners to release,
In Satan's Bondage held ;

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The Gates of Brass before him burst,
The Iron Fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from thickest Films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray ;
And on the Eye oppress'd with Night
To pour celestial Day.

V.

He comes, the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure ;
And with the Treasures of his Grace,
T' enrich the humble Poor.

VI.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy Welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heav'ns eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

CIV. Long Metre.

The Holy Scriptures.

I.

GOD, who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in these latter Days.

II.

Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that true Record ;
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n
Is by this sure Conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindest Thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest ;

The Doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.

IV.

Ye British Isles, who read his Love
In fair Epistles from above;
(He hath not sent his sacred Word
To ev'ry Land;) Praise ye the LORD.

CV. Short Metre.

Communion with GOD and CHRIST.

I.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And CHRIST invites us near;
With both our Friendship shall be sweet,
And our Communion dear.

II.

God pities all my Grievs;
He pardons every Day;
Almighty to protect my Soul,
And wise to guide my Way.

III.

How large his Bounties are!
What various Stores of Good
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,
And purchas'd with his Blood!

IV.

JESUS, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful Care;
My Advocate before the Throne,
And my Forerunner there.

V.

Here fix my roving Heart,
Here wait my warmest Love,

Till the Communion be complete,
In nobler Scenes above.

CVI. Long Metre.

CHRIST *the King of the invisible World.*

I.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the Keys of Death and Hell!
The spacious World unseen is his,
And sovereign Pow'r becomes him well.

II.

In Shame and Torment once he dy'd ;
But now he lives for evermore :
Bow down, ye Saints, around his Seat ;
And, all ye Angel-Bands, adore.

III.

So shall he live a glorious LORD,
To crush his Foes, and guard his Friends ;
While all his faithful Tribes rejoice,
That his Dominion never ends.

IV.

Worthy his Hand to hold the Keys,
Guided by Wisdom and by Love ;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,
O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

V.

When Death his Servants shall invade,
When Pow'rs of Hell his Church annoy ;
Control'd by him, their Rage shall help
The Cause they labour'd to destroy.

IV.

O may he reign a glorious King !
Wide thro' the Earth his Name be known !

My longing Soul aspires to sing
 Sublimèr Anthems near his Throne.

CVII. Common Metre.

Grace perfected in Glory.

I.

HOW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!
 How various and divine!
 Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
 And bright as Heav'n they shine.

II.

He to eternal Glory calls,
 And leads the wond'rous Way
 To his own Palace, where he reigns
 In uncreated Day.

III.

JESUS, the Herald of his Love,
 Displays the radiant Prize,
 And shews a Heav'n of endless Bliss
 To our admiring Eyes.

IV.

He perfects what his Hand begins,
 And Stone on Stone he lays;
 Till firm and fair the Building rise,
 A Temple to his Praise.

V.

The Songs of everlasting Years
 That Mercy shall attend,
 Which leads thro' Suff'rings of an Hour
 To Joys that never end.

CVIII. Common Metre.

The final Happiness of the Righteous.

I.

ATTEND my Ear, my Heart rejoice;
 While JESUS from his Throne,
 Amidst the bright angelic Hosts,
 Makes his last Sentence known.

II.

When Sinners, banish'd from his Face,
 To raging Flames are driv'n,
 His Voice, with Melody divine,
 Thus calls his Saints to Heav'n.

III.

" Blest of my Father, all draw near,
 " Receive the large Reward;
 " And rise with Triumph to possess
 " The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

IV.

" Ere Earth's Foundations first were laid,
 " This sov'reign Purpose wrought,
 " And rear'd those Palaces divine
 " To which you now are brought.

V.

" There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,
 " Protected by my Pow'r;
 " While Sin and Hell, and Pains and Cares,
 " Shall vex your Souls no more."

VI.

May CHRIST our glorious Saviour come,
 This Jubilee proclaim,
 And teach us Accents fit to praise
 So great, so dear a Name.

CIX. Common Metre.

Heaven invisible and holy.

I.

NOR Eye hath seen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor Sense, nor Reason known,
What Joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those who love his Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the LORD
Reveals a Heav'n to come ;
The Beams of Glory in his Word,
Allure and guide us Home.

III.

Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace ;
No wanton Lip, nor envious Eye
Can see or taste the Bliss.

IV.

Those holy Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin and Shame ;
None shall obtain Admittance there
But Followers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their Names are found ;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CX. Long Metre.

The Eternal Sabbath.

I.

THY earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler Rest above ;

To that our lab'ring Souls aspire
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

II.

No more Fatigue, no more Distress;
Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place;
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which warble from immortal Tongues.

III.

No rude Alarms of raging Foes;
No Cares to break the long Repose;
No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But sacred, high, eternal Noon.

IV.

O long expected Day, begin;
Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin!
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And sleep in Death, to rest with God.

CXI. Long Metre.

The Dissolution of the present World.

I.

MY waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings
Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;
See this vain World in Smoke decay,
And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

II.

Behold the fiery Deluge roll
Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch from Pole to Pole;
Pale Sun, no more thy Lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry Host!

III.

This Wreck of Nature all around,
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound,
Loud

Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous Name.

IV.

Children of Adam, all appear
With Rev'ence round his awful Bar;
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go
To endless Bliss or hopeless Woe.

V.

LORD, to my Eyes this Scene display,
Frequent thro' each revolving Day,
And let thy Grace my Soul prepare
To meet its full Redemption there!

CXII. Common Metre.

CHRIST's Regard to little Children.

I.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging Charms;
Hark, how he calls his tender Lambs,
And folds them in his Arms!

II.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble Name;
"It was to bless such Souls as these,
"The LORD of Angels came."

III.

We bring them, LORD, in thankful Hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our Offspring be.

IV.

Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear;
Ye Children, seek his Face;

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And fly with Transports to receive
The Blessings of his Grace.

v.

If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian Care we trust ;
That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts,
If weeping o'er their Dust.

CXIII. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the Dead ;
And o'er our hellish Foes
High rais'd his conquering Head.

In wild dismay
The Guards around
Fell to the Ground,
And sunk away.

II.

Lo, the Angelic Bands
In full Assembly meet,
To wait his high Commands,
And worship at his Feet :

Joyful they come,
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To such a Tomb.

III.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,
And the glad Tidings bear ;
Hark, as they soar on high
What Music fills the Air !

Their Anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the Dead;
 " He rose To-day."

IV.

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,
 Preserv'd by him from Hell;
 And send the Tidings round
 The Globe on which you dwell:

Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the Dead,
 " No more to die."

V.

All hail, triumphant King!
 Thou rising, reigning LORD,
 Who sav'st us by thy Life,
 Wide be thy Name ador'd:
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And Empire gain
 Beyond the Skies.

CXIV. Short Metre.

CHRIST *Crucified.*

I.

BEHOLD, th' amazing Sight,
 The Saviour lifted high!
 Behold, the Son of God's Delight
 Expire in Agony!

II.

For whom, for whom, my Heart,
 Were all these Sorrows born?

Why did he feel that piercing Smart,
And meet that various Scorn?

III.

For Love of us he bled,
And all in Torture dy'd;
'Twas Love that bow'd his fainting Head,
And op'd his gushing Side.

IV.

I see, and I adore
In Sympathy of Love;
I feel the strong attractive Pow'r,
To lift my Soul above.

V.

Drawn by such Cords as these,
Let all the Earth combine,
With chearful Ardor to confess
The Energy divine.

VI.

In thee our Hearts unite,
Nor share thy Grievs alone;
But from thy Cross pursue their Flight
To thy triumphant Throne.

CXV. Short Metre.

The Birth of CHRIST.

I.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd;
MARY the wondrous Virgin bears,
And JESUS is the Child.

II.

The LORD, the highest GOD,
Calls him his only Son;

He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him David's Throne.

III.

To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears ;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.

IV.

" Go humble Swains," said he,
" To David's City fly ;
" The promis'd Infant born to-day,
" Doth in a Manger lie.

V.

" With Looks and Hearts serene
" Go visit CHRIST your King ;"
And straight a flaming Troop was seen,
The Shepherds heard them sing.

VI.

" Glory to God on high,
" And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
" Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
" At the Redeemer's Birth."

VII.

In Worship so divine
Let Saints employ their Tongues ;
With the celestial Host we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

CXVI. Short Metre.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

I.

HOW beauteous are their Feet
Who stand on Zion's Hill ;

Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

II.

How charming is their Voice!
How sweet the Tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

III.

How happy are our Ears,
That hear this joyful Sound;
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

IV.

How blessed are our Eyes,
That see this heav'nly Light!
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight.

V.

Our God makes bare his Arm
To spread his sacred Word;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their LORD.

CXVII. Short Metre.

Salvation by Grace.

I.

GRACE, 'tis a charming Sound!
Harmonious to my Ear!
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
And all the Earth shall hear.

II.

Grace first contriv'd a Way
To save rebellious Man,

And all the Steps that Grace display,
Which drew the wondrous Plan.

III.

Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road ;
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

IV.

Grace all the Work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting Days ;
It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone,
And well deserves the Praise.

CXVIII. Long Metre.

A Vision of the Lamb.

I.

ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears ;
Behold, amidst the eternal Throne,
A Vision of the Lamb appears !

II.

Lo, he receives a sealed Book
From him that sits upon the Throne ;
JESUS, my LORD, prevails to look
On dark Decrees and Things unknown.

III.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,
" Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
" To read the Book, to loose the Seals."

IV.

Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with transporting Pleasure sing,

“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 “ To be our Teacher and our King.

v.

“ Worthy for ever is the LORD,
 “ That dy’d for Treasons not his own,
 “ By ev’ry Tongue to be ador’d,
 “ And sit upon his Father’s Throne.”

CXIX. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our LORD;
 Be his abounding Mercy prais’d,
 His Majesty ador’d.

II.

When from the Dead he rais’d his Son,
 And call’d him to the Sky,
 He gave our Souls a lively Hope
 That they should never die.

III.

Tho’ for abolishing of Sin,
 Our Flesh must turn to Dust,
 Yet as the LORD our Saviour rose,
 So all his Followers must.

IV.

There’s an Inheritance divine
 Reserv’d against that Day,
 ’Tis uncorrupted, undefil’d,
 And cannot waste away.

v.

Saints by the Pow’r of GOD are kept
 Till the Salvation come;

We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
Till CHRIST shall call us Home.

CXX. Common Metre.

Saints glorified.

I.

THESE glorious Minds, how bright they
Whence all their white Aray? [shine!
How came they to the happy Seats
Of everlasting Day?

II.

Patient they suffer'd for the LORD,
And did the Will of God;
Thus they secur'd their Maker's Love,
And gain'd this blest Abode.

III.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his Throne;
Their warbling Harps, and sacred Songs,
Adore the holy One.

IV.

The unveil'd Glories of his Face
Amongst his Saints reside;
While the rich Treasure of his Grace
Sees all their Wants supply'd.

V.

Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,
And Hunger flee as fast;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
Shall be their sweet Repast.

VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock
Where living Fountains rise;

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And Love divine shall wipe away
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

CXXI. Long Metre.

*CHRIST our High Priest and King ; and his
coming to Judgment.*

I.

NOW to the LORD that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praise above.

II.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood ;
'Tis he that makes us Kings and Priests,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

III.

To JESUS our most gracious Priest,
To JESUS our superior King,
Be everlasting Pow'r confest,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

IV.

Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,
And ev'ry Eye shall see him move ;
The disobedient World shall mourn,
While good Men triumph in his Love.

CXXII. Short Metre.

Adoption.

I.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous Grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God !

II.

Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.

III.

A Hope so much divine
 May Trials well endure ;
 May purify our Souls from Sin,
 As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

IV.

Why then should Christians lie
 Like Slaves beneath the Throne ?
 Our Faith shall " heav'nly Father " cry,
 And GOD the Kindred own.

CXXIII. Common Metre.

Invitation to the LORD's Table.

I.

THE King of Heav'n his Table spreads,
 And Dainties crown the Board,
 Not Paradise with all its Joys
 Could such Delight afford.

II.

Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
 And endless Life are giv'n ;
 And the rich Blood which JESUS shed,
 To raise the Soul to Heav'n.

III.

Millions of Souls in Glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here,
 And Millions more, still on the Way,
 Around the Board appear.

IV.

Yet is his House and Heart so large
That Millions more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembling World
O'erfill the spacious Room.

V.

All Things are ready, come away,
Nor weak Excuses frame ;
Crowd to your Places at the Feast,
And bless the Founder's Name.

CXXIV. Long Metre.

In Remembrance of CHRIST.

I.

“ **E**AT, Drink, in Mem'ry of your Friend ;”
An easy Task, enjoins our LORD ;
Who Death and Tortures bore, that we
Might be to endless Bliss restor'd.

II.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless Love,
Thou dearest tenderest best of Friends ;
Thy dying Love the noblest Praise
Of long Eternity transcends.

III.

'Tis Pleasure more than Earth can give
Thy Beauties thro' these Veils to see ;
Thy Table Food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

IV.

But O what vast transporting Joys
Shall swell our Breasts, our Tongues inspire,
When we his sweet majestic Form,
With prostrate Cherubs shall admire !

v.

When these vile Bodies all refin'd,
 Perfect and glorious as his own,
 Unwearied shall our Minds obey,
 And join to make his Favours known. *A.*

CXXV. Common Metre.

Love to CHRIST.

I.

DO not I love thee, O my LORD?
 Behold my Heart and see;
 And turn each curst Idol out
 That dares to rival thee.

II.

Do not I love thee from my Soul?
 Then let me nothing love;
 Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy
 When JESUS cannot move.

III.

Is not thy Name melodious still
 To my attentive Ear?
 Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound,
 My Saviour's Voice to hear?

IV.

Would not my ardent Spirit vie
 With Angels round the Throne,
 To execute thy sacred Will,
 And make thy Glory known?

V.

Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood
 In Honour of thy Name;
 And challenge the cold Hand of Death
 To damp th' immortal Flame?

VI.

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD;
 And O I long to soar
 Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,
 And learn to love thee more!

CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Love of God in the Gift of his Son.

I.

AND are we now brought near to God,
 Who once at Distance stood?
 And to effect this glorious Change,
 Did Jesus shed his Blood?

II.

O for a Song of ardent Praise,
 To bear our Souls above!
 What should allay our lively Hope,
 Or damp our flaming Love?

III.

Draw us, O LORD, with quickning Grace,
 And bring us yet more near!
 Here may we see thy Glories shine,
 And taste thy Mercies here.

IV.

O may that Love which spread thy Board,
 Dispose us for the Feast!
 May Faith behold a smiling God,
 Thro' Jesus' bleeding Breast.

V.

Fir'd with the View our Souls shall rise
 In such a Scene as this,
 And view the happy Moment near
 That shall complete our Bliss.

CXXVII. Common Metre.

Contemplating a crucified Redeemer.

I.

Look back, my Soul, again regard
The Wonders of the Feast;
The strange Provisions here prepar'd,
Thyself as strange a Guest.

II.

Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd,
Nail'd to the curst Tree?
In dying Pangs with Blood imbru'd,
And suffering all for thee?

III.

Shall I the sad Event review,
And no Commotion feel?
No, here my Soul thy Grief renew,
And kindle holy Zeal.

IV.

Look and relent, with hearty Grief
Thy crimson Sins deplore;
For all thy Wounds here fetch Relief,
But wilful sin no more.

CXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Sufferings and Death of CHRIST
thankfully remembered.*

I.

OTHERS may tell of famous Things
Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
The LORD we serve, them all exceeds
For mighty Suff'rings, mighty Deeds.

II.

The Torments he hath undergone,
The glorious Triumphs he hath won,
Armies of wondring Angels cause
To fill the Heav'ns with loud Applause.

III.

Deep in our Breast let us record
The Story of our dying LORD ;
As we his kind Memorials view,
Our Wonder and our Songs renew.

IV.

Prevent me, O almighty Grace !
Nor let me e'er so treach'rous prove
To crucify my LORD afresh,
And render Hate for all his Love.

CXXIX. Long Metre.

The LORD's Supper.

I.

AND will thy Table, LORD, be spread ?
And will thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy Children led,
And let them all its Sweetness know.

II.

Hail, sacred Feast, which JESUS makes,
Memorial of his Flesh and Blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heav'nly Food !

III.

Why are such Blessings all in vain
Before unwilling Hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the Childrens Bread ?

IV.

O let thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful Guests ;
And may each Soul Salvation see,
That here its sacred Pledges tastes !

V.

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd ;
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,
The Pleasure or the Profit end.

VI.

Revive thy dying Churches, LORD,
And bid our drooping Graces live ;
And more that Energy afford,
Which Right'ousness and Joy will give.

CXXX. Common Metre.

Children devoted to GOD.

I.

THUS saith the Mercy of the LORD,
“ I'll be a GOD to thee ;
“ I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they
“ Shall be a Seed for me.”

II.

Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Son to GOD ;
But Water seals the Blessing now,
That once was seal'd with Blood.

III.

Thus Lydia sanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word ;
Thus the believing Jaylor gave
His Household to the LORD.

IV.

Thus later Saints, eternal King!
 Thy ancient Truth embrace;
 To thee their Infant-Offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the Grace.

CXXXI. Common Metre.

CHRIST's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

I.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His Heart is made of Tenderness,
 His Bowels melt with Love.

II.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame;
 He knows what sore Temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

III.

But spotless, innocent and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
 And did resist to Blood.

IV.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;
 And in his Measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry Member bears.

V.

He'll never quench the smoking Flax,
 But raise it to a Flame;
 The bruised Reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest Name.

VI.

Then let our humble Faith address
 His Mercy and his Pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
 In the distressing Hour.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

Love essential to the Christian Character.

I.

O God, my Saviour and my King,
 Of all I have or hope the Spring;
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm my Heart with holy Love.

II.

May I from ev'ry Act abstain
 That hurts or gives my Neighbour Pain;
 And ev'ry secret Wish suppress,
 That would abridge his Happiness.

III.

Still may I feel my Heart inclin'd,
 To act the Friend to all Mankind;
 Still wish them Safety, Health, and Ease,
 Wealth, Fame, eternal Life, and Peace.

IV.

Still let my Bowels melt and flow
 When I behold a Wretch in Woe;
 And in his Sorrows bear a Part
 With ev'ry one of heavy Heart.

V.

And should my Neighbour spiteful prove,
 Still let me vanquish Spite with Love;
 Slow to resent tho' he should grieve,
 But apt and ready to forgive.

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VI.

Let Love in all my Conduct shine,
An Image faint, tho' fair, of thine;
Thus may I CHRIST'S Disciple prove,
Who came to manifest thy Love.

CXXXIII. Long Metre.

Love and Hatred.

I.

NOW, by the Bowels of my LORD,
His sharp Distress, his sore Complaints,
By his last Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

II.

Clamour, and Wrath, and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever cease;
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

III.

The Spirit like a peaceful Dove
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his Love,
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

IV.

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts,
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous Faults,
Of his own Grace, in CHRIST his Son.

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

BLEST Morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising LORD; [Rays

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That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode.

II.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

III.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our Head in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burit their feeble Chain.

IV.

To thy great Name, O b'essed Lord,
We sacred Honours pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The Triumphs of the Day.

V.

Salvation, and immortal Praise
To our victorious King ;
Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

The Ascension of CHRIST.

I.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in Clay ;
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

II.

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Redeemer rose ;

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He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

III.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
And Triumph in his Eyes!

IV.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down;
Our Jesus fills a glorious Seat,
In his great Father's Throne.

V.

Raise your Thanksgivings, mortal Tongues,
For endless Life restor'd;
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our exalted LORD.

VI.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,
Your sweetest Voices raise;
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our Redeemer's Praise.

CXXXVI. Long Metre.

The Christian Warfare.

I.

STAND up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
And gird the Gospel Armour on;
March to the Gates of endless Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

II.

What, tho' thy inward Lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;

The Weapons of victorious Grace
Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

III.

Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly Gate;
There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

IV.

There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in almighty Grace;
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

CXXXVII. Short Metre.

Grace and Peace by JESUS CHRIST.

I.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

III.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

IV.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,

360 H Y M N CXXXVIII.

When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

v.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears;
Let hopeless Sorrow cease;
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

vi.

LORD, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

CXXXVIII. Short Metre.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

i.

AND must this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mold'ring in the Clay?

ii.

Corruption, Earth and Worms,
Shall but refine this Flesh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

iii.

CHRIST, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the Skies
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

iv.

Aray'd in glorious Grace,
Shall these vile Bodies shine,

And

And ev'ry Shape and ev'ry Face
Look heav'nly and divine.

v.

These lively Hopes we owe
To God's amazing Love;
We would adore his Grace below,
And sing his Pow'r above.

vi.

Great God, accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With our immortal Tongues.

CXXXIX. Common Metre.

The Saints Conflict and Reward.

i.

IN Realms of everlasting Light
The Saints triumphant reign,
A Crown of Life rewards their Toil,
And Bliss succeeds their Pain.

ii.

Whilst trav'ling thro' this thorny Vale,
With Sorrows compass'd round,
What painful Conflicts they endur'd!
What sore Distress they found!

iii.

But dangerous Scenes could ne'er affright,
Nor Pleasures tempt astray;
Resolv'd and chearful they walk'd on
In their appointed Way.

iv.

Faithful and patient they maintain'd
A long laborious Strife,

R

362 H Y M N CXL, CXLI.

Till Death dismiss'd their struggling Souls
To Joys of endless Life. *F.*

CXL. Common Metre.

CHRIST the Bread of Life.

I.

LET us adore the gracious Word,
'Tis he our Soul has fed;
Thou art our living Stream, O LORD!
And thou th' immortal Bread!

II.

The Manna came from lower Skies,
But JESUS from above,
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
And Rivers flow with Love.

III.

The Jews, the Fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly Bread;
But these Provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the Dead.

IV.

Our Souls shall draw their heav'nly Breath,
Whilst JESUS finds Supplies;
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death,
For JESUS never dies.

CXLI. Common Metre.

The Agonies of CHRIST.

I.

NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine;
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
When, LORD, compar'd with thine.

II.

In lively Figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love ;
Each of us say, " He dy'd for me,"
And then our Griefs remove.

III.

Wisdom and Grace united wrought
The Wonders of that Day ;
No mortal Tongue nor mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

IV.

Our Hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our Voices raise ;
Yet, LORD, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

CXLII. Long Metre.

The Compassion of our dying LORD.

I.

OUR Spirits join t'adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains exalted as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love !

II.

Was ever equal Pity found ?
The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To save us from eternal Death.

III.

In vain our mortal Voices strive
To speak Compassion so divine ;
Had we a thousand Lives to give,
A thousand Lives should all be thine.

364 H Y M N CXLIII, CXLIV.

CXLIII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of CHRIST.

I.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

II.

Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should boast,
Save in this Love of God's own Son ;
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I'll freely yield as he has done.

III.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet ?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?

IV.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All

CXLIV. Long Metre.

Glorying in the Cross of CHRIST.

I.

AT thy Command, our dearest LORD,
Here we attend thy dying Feast ;
The Bread thy broken Body shows,
The Wine thy Blood shed for each Guest.

II.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd ;

H Y M N CXLV. 365

We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

III.

Let the vain World pronounce it Shame,
And fling their Scandals on thy Cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

IV.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age,
He that was dead hath left his Tomb;
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

CXLV. Common Metre.

The New Covenant in the Blood of CHRIST.

I.

“THE Promise of my Father's Love
“ Shall stand for ever good,”
He said, and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

II.

To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I set my worthless Name;
I seal th' Engagement to my LORD,
And make my humble Claim.

III.

Thy Light, and Strength, and pard'ning Grace,
And Glory shall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs be thine.

IV.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name,
Who show'd Men such Good-will,

366 H Y M N CXLVI.

And of this Cov'nant of his Love,
Made his own Life the Seal.

CXLVI. Long Metre.

The Gospel Feast.

I.

HOW rich are thy Provisions, LORD;
Thy Table furnish'd from above!
The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love!

II.

Thy ancient Family the Jews,
Were first invited to the Feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy Salvation taste.

III.

From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darknes and Despair,
LORD, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

IV.

What shall we pay thy only Son,
Who left the Heav'n of his Abode;
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring the Wand'ers back to God?

V.

Our everlasting Love is due
To him, whose Death redeem'd the Lost,
Who pity'd Rebels, when he knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

CXLVII. Long Metre.

The Memorial of our absent LORD.

I.

JESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senses reach him not;
And carnal Objects court our Eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our Thought.

II.

He knows what wandring Hearts we have,
Apt to forget his wondrous Grace;
And therefore these Memorials gave,
Till we ascend to see his Face.

III.

The LORD of Life this Table spread,
In Mem'ry of his Death and Love;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And get a Taste of Joys above.

IV.

While he is absent from our Sight,
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

V.

Our Eyes look upward to the Hills,
Whence our returning LORD shall come;
We wait his Chariot's awful Wheels,
To fetch our longing Spirits home.

CXLVIII. Short Metre.

*Praise to the Father and to the Son for
our Redemption.*

I.

LET all our Tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his Bosom sent his Son,
To bring us Strangers nigh.

II.

Nor let our Voices cease
To sing the Saviour's Name;
JESUS, th' Ambassador of Peace,
How chearfully he came!

III.

Look up, my Soul, to him,
Whose Death was thy Desert;
And humbly view the living Stream,
Flow from his breaking Heart.

IV.

There on the cursed Tree
In dying Pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants supplies.

Rising he well assures
Our future Life and Joy;
Let the Redeemed in his Praise
Their Hearts and Tongues employ.

CXLIX. Common Metre.

The Characters and Offices of the Redeemer.

I.

JEsus, how precious is thy Name!
 How bright thy Glories shine!
 Each sacred Charm unites in thee,
 Thy Beauties are divine.

II.

Only begotten, well-belov'd,
 Of thy own Father, GOD;
 In thee all Grace and Truth reside,
 And Love makes its Abode.

III.

Greatest of Prophets, I admire
 Each Doctrine and Command;
 And whilst my Soul adores the Grace,
 To learn thy Will I stand.

IV.

Thou art a Priest, thou gav'st thyself
 A Sacrifice to God;
 And hast assur'd all Penitents
 Of Pardon by thy Blood.

V.

It is thy Right, my glorious King,
 To rule this Heart of mine;
 Each base Usurper I renounce,
 To be entirely thine.

VI.

Thy great Example nobly shines,
 And strengthens all thy Laws;
 My Duty bids me follow thee;
 Thy Love most strongly draws.

CL. Long Metre.

*The Effusion of the Spirit ; or the Success
of the Gospel.*

I.

GREAT was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Disciples met ;
Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

II.

What Gifts, what Miracles he gave !
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save !
Furnish'd their Tongues with wondrous Words,
Instead of Shields and Spears and Swords.

III.

Thus arm'd, he sent the Champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North ;
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause ;
“ Go, spread the Doctrine of his Cross.”

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his Loss,
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

V.

O GOD of Grace, my Heart subdue !
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my LORD,
And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CLI. Common Metre.

Sinai and Sion.

I.

NOT to the Terrors of the LORD,
The Tempest, Fire and Smoke,
Not to the Thunder of that Word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

II.

But we are come to Sion's Hill,
The City of our God,
Where milder Words declare his Will,
And spread his Love abroad.

III.

Behold th' innumerable Host
Of Angels cloth'd in Light !
Behold the Spirits of the Just,
Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight !

IV.

Behold the bless'd Assembly there,
Whose Names are writ in Heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

V.

The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead,
But one Communion make ;
All join in CHRIST, their living Head,
And of his Grace partake.

VI.

In such Society as this
My weary Soul would rest ;
The Man that dwells where JESUS is
Must be for ever blest.

CLII. Long Metre.

The Example of CHRIST.

I.

MY dear Redeemer, and my LORD!
 I read my Duty in thy Word;
 But in thy Life the Law appears,
 Drawn out in living Characters.

II.

Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
 Such Deference to thy Father's Will,
 Such Love, and Meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

III.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,
 Witness'd the Fervor of thy Pray'r;
 The Desert thy Temptations knew,
 Thy Conflict, and thy Vict'ry too.

IV.

Thou art my Pattern, I would bear
 More of thy gracious Image here;
 Then God the Judge shall own my Name
 Amongst the Followers of the Lamb.

CLIII. Common Metre.

The Examples of CHRIST and his Servants.

I.

GIVE me the Wings of Faith to rise;
 Within the Veil, and see
 The Saints above, how great their Joys,
 How bright their Glories be!

II.

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their Couch with Tears;

And wrestled hard, as we do now,
With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

III.

I ask them, whence their Vict'ry came?
They with united Breath,
Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,
Their Triumph to his Death.

IV.

They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,
His Zeal inspir'd their Breast,
And foll'wing their victorious LORD,
Possess the promis'd Rest.

V.

Our glorious Leader claims our Praise,
For his own Pattern giv'n;
While the long Cloud of Witnesses
Shew the same Path to Heav'n.

CLIV. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying Breath,
And shook the Gates of Hell.

II.

" 'Tis finish'd," our Redeemer cries,
The dreadful Work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign Throne arise,
His Kingdom is begun.

III.

His Cross a sure Foundation laid
For Glory and Renown,

When thro' the Regions of the Dead;
He pass'd to reach the Crown.

IV.

Exalted at his Father's Side
Sits our victorious LORD;
Good Men from bad his Hands divide
They punish and Reward.

V.

The Saints, from his propitious Eye
Await their several Crowns,
And all the Sons of Darkness fly
The Terror of his Frowns.

CLV. Common Metre.

Victory over Death.

I.

O FOR an overcoming Faith
To cheer my dying Hours;
To triumph o'er the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!

II.

Joyful with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted Vict'ry, Grave?
"And where's the Monster's Sting?"

III.

Now to the GOD of Victory,
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die
Thro' CHRIST our living Head.

CLVI. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to CHRIST and his Saints.

I.

GREAT GOD, to what a glorious Height
Hast thou advanc'd the LORD thy Son!
Angels, in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne.

II.

Before his Feet thy Armies wait,
And swift as Flames of Fire they move,
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Judgment and of Love.

III.

His Orders run thro' all the Hosts,
Legions descend at his Command,
To shield and guard the British Coasts,
When foreign Rage invades our Land.

IV.

Now they are sent to guide our Feet
Up to the Gates of thy Abode,
Thro' all the Dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly Road.

V.

LORD, when I leave this mortal Ground;
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,
Send a beloved Angel down,
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CLVII. Common Metre.

CHRIST JESUS *the Lamb of God.*

I.

COME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

II.

“Worthy the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus;”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our Lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow’r divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
And speak thy endless Praise.

V.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CLVIII. Long Metre.

CHRIST’S Humiliation and Exaltation.

I.

WORTHY is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that gron’d and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign, [dy’d;
At his almighty Father’s Side.

II.

Pow’r and Dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn’d at Pilate’s Bar;

Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

III.

All Riches are his native Right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss :
To him ascribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakness on the Cross.

IV.

Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn ;
While Glory shines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

V.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men ;
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature say—Amen.

CLIX. Long Metre.

The Christian's high Regard to CHRIST.

I.

COME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

II.

Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
Of thy unmeasurable Grace.

III.

Now to the God, whose Pow'r can do,
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,

378 H Y M N CLX, CLXI.

Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

CLX. Short Metre.

CHRIST *Unseen and Beloved.*

I.

NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the LORD,
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his Word.

II.

On Earth, we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face ;
Yet, LORD, our inmost Thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy Grace.

III.

And when we taste thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

CLXI. Common Metre.

The Christian not ashamed to own CHRIST
his LORD.

I.

I'M not ashamed to own my LORD,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

II.

JESUS, my LORD, I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

III.

Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthless Name
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

CLXII. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S Compassionate Invitation.

I.

" COME hither all ye weary Souls,
" " Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
" I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly Home.

II.

" They shall find Rest that learn of me ;
" I'm of a meek and lowly Mind ;
" But Passion rages like a Sea,
" And Pride is restless as the Wind.

III.

" Blest is the Man whose Shoulders take
" My Yoke, and bear it with Delight ;
" My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
" My Grace shall make the Burden light."

IV.

JESUS, we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal ;
Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mold and guide us at thy Will.

CLXIII. Short Metre.

Obedience to CHRIST's Commands.

I.

THE Law by Moses came,
But Peace, and Truth, and Love,
Were brought by CHRIST, a nobler Name,
Descending from above.

II.

Amidst the House of GOD,
Their diff'rent Works were done;
Moses a faithful Servant stood,
But CHRIST a faithful Son.

III.

Then to his new Commands
Be strict Obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's House he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

IV.

The Man that durst despise
The Law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous Fault!

V.

But forer Vengeance falls
On that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when JESUS calls,
And dare resist his Grace.

CLXIV. Long Metre.

Holiness and Grace.

I.

SO let our Lips and Lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;

So let our Works and Virtues shine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The Honours of our dying LORD;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.

III.

Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward Piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our Spirits up,
While we expect that blessed Hope,
The bright Appearance of our LORD,
And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

- CLXV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler Speech than Angels use,
If Love be absent I am found
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell;
Or could by Faith the World remove,
Still I am nothing without Love.

III.

Should I distribute all my Store
To feed the Bowels of the Poor;

Or give my Body to the Flame,
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name.

IV.

If Love to GOD and Love to Men
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain ;
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

CLXVI. Long Metre.

Love to GOD and our Neighbour.

I.

THUS saith the first and great Command,
" Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
" To love thy Maker and thy GOD,
" With utmost Vigour and Delight.

II.

" Then shall thy Neighbour, next in Place,
" Share thy Affections and Esteem ;
" And let thy Kindness to thyself
" Measure and rule thy Love to him."

III.

This is the Sense that Moses spoke ;
Thus did the Prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law fulfill'd by Love.

IV.

But O, how base our Passions are !
How cold our Charity and Zeal !
LORD, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will.

CLXVII. Long Metre.

Pride and Wrath opposite to the Christian Character.

I.

NOT diff'rent Food or diff'rent Dress,
Compose the Kingdom of our LORD ;
But Peace and Joy and Right'ousness,
Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

II.

When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong ;
For GOD, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

III.

Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue ;
Nor shall our Practice give offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

CLXVIII. Short Metre.

The watchful Christian.

I.

YE Servants of the LORD,
Each in his Office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly Word,
And watchful at his Gate.

II.

Let all your Lamps be bright,
And trim the golden Flame ;
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,
For awful is his Name.

III.

Watch, 'tis your LORD's Command ;
 And while we speak, he's near ;
 Mark the first Signal of his Hand,
 And ready all appear.

IV.

O happy Servant he,
 In such a Posture found !
 He shall his LORD with Rapture see,
 And be with Honour crown'd.

CLXIX. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S Call to Sinners.

I.

NOW let the listning World around
 In silent Rev'rence hear,
 While from on high the Saviour's Voice
 Thus strikes th' attentive Ear.

II.

" To you, O Sons of Men, I call,
 " And from my lofty Throne,
 " Reclin'd in gentle Pity bow
 " To bring Salvation down.

III.

" Ye thoughtless Sinners, hear my Voice,
 " Attend my Words and live ;
 " My Words conduct to solid Joys,
 " And endless Blessings give.

IV.

" Each faithful Minister is sent,
 " This Message to proclaim ;
 " In ev'ry various Providence
 " The Language is the same.

V. Forget-

V.

“ Forgetful Mortals, yet be wise,
 “ While o’er the Grave ye stand;
 “ Left long neglected Love provoke
 “ The Vengeance of my Hand.

VI.

“ In glad Submission bow ye down,
 “ Nor steel that stubborn Heart,
 “ Till my inexorable Voice
 “ Pronounce the Word, Depart.”

CLXX. Common Metre.

A future Judgment a Restraint on youthful Lusts.

I.

YE thoughtless Sinners, vain and young,
 Indulge your youthful Fire;
 Your wanton Eyes, unbridled Tongue,
 And ev’ry loose Desire.

II.

Taste all the Pleasures you approve,
 And act without Controul;
 Range all the Paths of lawless Love,
 To feast a sensual Soul.

III.

In trifling Mirth consume the Day,
 All serious Thoughts decline;
 And melt the tedious Night away,
 In Wantonness and Wine.

IV.

Shake off each intermeddling Fear,
 That would your Lust restrain;
 Laugh at the Thought of Danger near,
 And count the Terror vain.

V.

But know, your Judge with piercing Eye
 Marks all your Sins and Faults;
 Ere long he'll all your Actions try,
 And search your secret Thoughts.

P A U S E.

VI.

What Deeds you have in Darknes done,
 To shun Reproach and Shame,
 He will expose before the Sun,
 And to the World proclaim.

VII.

How will you bear his wrathful Frown?
 Or your sad Sentence hear?
 O let the Thought now melt you down!
 To good Advice give Ear.

VIII.

Renounce each dear and pleasing Vice,
 Each looser Air lay by;
 Grow serious, sober, chaste and wise,
 And mind the Things on High.

IX.

Then when your righteous Judge shall come,
 In all his Glories drest,
 You may securely wait your Doom,
 And hear him call you blest.

CLXXI. Common Metre.

The Importance of early Piety.

I.

INDULGENT GOD, with pitying Eye
 The Sons of Men survey,

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And see how youthful Sinners sport
In a destructive Way!

II.

Ten thousand Dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the Tomb;
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,
Where Hope can never come.

III.

Reduce, O LORD, their wandering Minds,
Amus'd with airy Dreams;
That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel
Their visionary Schemes.

IV.

With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
Till each the Desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's Hill abide.

CLXXII. Common Metre.

Asking the Way to Zion.

I.

INQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way
That leads to Zion's Hill;
And thither set your steady Face,
With a determin'd Will.

II.

Invite the Strangers all around
Your pious March to join;
And spread the Sentiments ye feel
Of Faith and Love divine.

III.

Come, let us to his Temple haste,
And seek his Favour there;

388 H Y M N CLXXIII.

Before his Footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent Pray'r.

IV.

Come, let us join our Souls to God
In everlasting Bands ;
And seize the Blessings he bestows,
With eager Hearts and Hands.

V.

Come, let us seal without Delay
The Cov'nant of his Grace ;
Nor shall the Years of distant Life
Its Memory efface.

VI.

Thus may our rising Offspring haste
To seek their Father's God ;
Nor e'er forsake the happy Path
Their youthful Feet have trod.

CLXXIII. Short Metre.

The Living Sacrifice.

I.

AND will th' eternal King
So mean a Gift regard ?
That Off'ring, LORD, with Joy we bring,
Which thy own Hand prepar'd.

II.

We own thy various Claim,
And to thy Altar move,
The willing Victims of thy Grace,
And bound with Cords of Love.

III.

Descend, celestial Fire,
The Sacrifice inflame ;

H Y M N CLXXIV, CLXXV. 389

So shall a grateful Odour rise,
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CLXXIV. Short Metre.

The Excellency of the Righteous.

I.

O ISRAEL, thou art blest !
Who may with thee compare ?
Thy Excellencies stand confess'd ;
How bright thy Glories are !

II.

O God of Israel, hear,
And make this Bliss our own !
Make us the Children of thy Care,
The Members of thy Son.

III.

Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,
By these great Motives fir'd,
Be Paradise on Earth enjoy'd,
And brighter Hopes inspir'd.

IV.

Thy People, LORD, we love ;
Their GOD our Souls embrace ;
So may we find in Worlds above
Among thy Saints a Place.

CLXXV. Common Metre.

The Christian's Vow or Resolution.

I.

O GOD, by whose all-bounteous Hand
Thy Israel still is fed,
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage
Hast all our Fathers led.

II.

To thee our humble Vows we raise,
To thee address our Pray'r,
And in thy kind and faithful Hand
Deposit all our Care.

III.

If thou, thro' each perplexing Path,
Wilt be our constant Guide ;
If thou wilt daily Bread supply,
And Raiment wilt provide ;

IV.

If thou wilt spread thy Shield around,
Till these our Wandrings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd Abode
Our Souls arrive in Peace ;

V.

To thee, as to our Cov'nant God,
We'll our whole Selves resign,
And count that not our Life alone,
But all we have is thine.

CLXXVI. Common Metre.

The Mercy and Grace of God.

I.

GREAT is the LORD, his Works of Might
Demand our noblest Songs ;
Let his assembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

II.

Great is the Mercy of the LORD,
He gives his Children Food ;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promise good.

III.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his Cov'nant sure ;
Holy and reverend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his Fear begin ;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

CLXXVII. Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

I.

GREAT GOD, thy Glories shall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy !
My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring
Their Tribute to th' eternal King.

II.

Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his Throne ;
All Nature hangs upon his Word,
And Grace and Glory own the LORD.

III.

His sov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows ?
If he command, who dares oppose ?
With Strength he girds himself around,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

IV.

The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light ;
Death and Destruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.

V.

His Mercy, like a boundless Sea,
 Washes our Load of Guilt away;
 While his own Son came down and dy'd,
 To show his Love was on our Side.

VI.

O tell me, with a gentle Voice,
 "Thou art my GOD," and I'll rejoice!
 Fill'd with thy Love, I will proclaim
 The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CLXXVIII. As the cXLVIIIth Psalm.

The all-glorious GOD our Father and Friend.

I.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
 His Throne is built on High;
 The Garments he assumes
 Are Light and Majesty:
 His Glories shine
 With Beams so bright,
 No mortal Eye
 Can bear the Sight.

II.

The Thunders of his Hand
 Keep the wide World in Awe;
 His Wrath and Justice stand
 To guard his holy Law:
 And where his Love
 Resolves to bless,
 His Truth confirms
 And seals the Grace.

III.

Thro' all his various Works
Surprising Wisdom shines,
Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
And breaks their curs'd Designs :

Strong is his Arm,
And shall fulfil
His great Decrees,
His sov'reign Will.

IV.

And can this mighty King
Of Glory condescend?
And will he write his Name,
“ My Father, and my Friend?”

I love his Name,
I love his Word;
Join, all my Pow'rs,
And praise the LORD.

CLXXIX. Short Metre.

G O D's universal Dominion.

I.

THE LORD, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on High;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the LORD, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,

And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

IV.

While all his wondrous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory; thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

CLXXX. Common Metre.

Preserving Goodness acknowledged.

I.

HOW are thy Servants blest, O LORD!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region please;
The hoary frozen Hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the boist'rous Seas.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;

H Y M N CLXXXI. 395

When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O LORD,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

P A U S E.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirls we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was still.

IX.

In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy Mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, whilst thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be;
And Death, when Death shall be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.

CLXXXI. Long Metre.

GOD *our Guardian and Protector.*
For New-Year's-Day.

I.

GREAT GOD, we sing that mighty Hand,
By which supported still we stand;

396 H Y M N CLXXXII.

The op'ning Year thy Mercy shews,
That Mercy crowns it, till it close.

II.

By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant Bounty fed,
By his unerring Counsel led.

III.

With grateful Hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian Care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

IV.

In Scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest ;
Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.

V.

When Death shall interrupt these Songs,
And seal in Silence mortal Tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

CLXXXII. Common Metre.

On the Waste of past Years.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

REMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds
Of the revolving Year !
How swift the Weeks complete their Rounds,
How short the Months appear !

II.

So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important Day,
When all that mortal Life hath done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

III.

Yet like an idle Tale we pass
The swift advancing Year;
And study artful Ways t' increase
The Speed of its Career.

IV.

Waken, O God, my trifling Heart
Its great Concern to see;
That I may act the christian Part,
And give the Year to thee.

V.

So shall their Course more grateful roll,
If future Years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting Soul
To Joy that never dies.

CLXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Possibility of dying this Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

GOD of my Life, thy constant Care
With Blessings crown each op'ning Year;
This mortal Life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual Song.

II.

How many precious Souls are fled
To the vast Regions of the Dead,

398 H Y M N CLXXXIV.

Since from this Day the changing Sun
Thro' his last yearly Period run!

III.

We yet survive, but who can say,
Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath,"
Thus far at least in League with Death?

IV.

That Breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's Abode;
It holds its Life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

V.

To thee our Spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they rest secure from Fear,
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

CLXXXIV. Common Metre.

Reflecting on the past Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

AND now, my Soul, another Year
Of my short Life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

II.

Much of my dubious Life is done,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing Moments run,
The few that yet remain,

III.

Awake, my Soul, with utmost Care,
Thy true Condition learn,
What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy chief Concern.

IV.

Now a new Scene of Time begins,
Set out therewith for Heav'n ;
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
In CHRIST so freely giv'n.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to GOD ;
And to his Care commend ;
And still pursue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt a happy End.

CLXXXV. Long Metre.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry.

For an Ordination.

I.

WHEN our blest LORD went up on High
He captive led Captivity ;
And royal Bounty did display,
To grace the Triumph of the Day.

II.

As to his Throne in Pomp he rode,
On Men he Offices bestow'd ;
Marks of Munificence divine,
In which both Might and Mercy shine.

III.

In Order first Apostles came,
The highest Rank, the noblest Name ;

400 H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Next them, tho' still of high Degree,
Evangelists and Prophets be.

IV.

With like good Will, and kind Intent,
Of meaner Rank, he Teachers sent,
O'er Christian Churches to preside,
And by inspired Writings guide :

V.

His Saints to polish and complete,
And fit them for the heav'nly State ;
To build, by his own pow'rful Word,
His Church, the Body of our LORD.

VI.

LORD, we with humble Faith adore
Thy matchless Love, thy saving Pow'r !
And celebrate the Grace of GOD,
For such rich Gifts on Men bestow'd.

CLXXXVI. Common Metre.

The Duties of a Minister.

For an Ordination.

I.

AND now all you, who have obtain'd
This Office from the LORD ;
And are by his Command ordain'd
To spread his saving Word ;

II.

With faithful and unfainting Zeal
Your sacred Trust fulfil ;
And with Integrity reveal
Your Master's Mind and Will.

III.

Act under his observing Eye,
To him yourselves commend ;
Nor utter in his Name a Lye,
For any fordid End.

IV.

Preach not for worldly Wealth or Gain,
For Honour or for Fame ;
But let his Love your Souls constrain,
And raise your Saviour's Name.

V.

To all your Flock just Patterns prove,
And fair Examples give,
Of Faith, of Holiness, and Love,
How they must speak and live.

VI.

Thus when th' Arch-Pastor shall appear,
The last important Day,
You shall a Crown of Glory wear,
That never fades away.

CLXXXVII. Common Metre.

On the Death of a Minister.

I.

NOW let our mourning Hearts revive,
And all our Tears be dry ;
Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

II.

What tho' the Arm of conqu'ring Death
Does God's own House invade !
What tho' the Prophet and the Priest
Be number'd with the Dead !

III.

Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive Tongue.

IV.

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New Comfort to impart ;
 His Eye still guides us, and his Voice
 Still animates our Heart.

V.

" Lo, I am with you, saith the LORD,
 " My Church shall safe abide ;
 " For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 " Whose Souls in me confide."

VI.

Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life and Death
 This Promise is our Trust ;
 And this shall be our Childrens Song,
 When we are cold in Dust.

CLXXXVIII. Long Metre.

On the Settlement of a Minister.

I.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
 With constant Care thy humble Sheep ;
 By thee inferior Pastors rise
 To feed our Souls, and bless our Eyes.

II.

To all thy Churches such impart,
 Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart ;
 Whose Courage, Watchfulness and Love,
 Men may attest, and God approve.

III.

Fed by their active tender Care,
 Healthful may all thy Sheep appear ;
 And by their fair Examples led,
 The Way to Zion's Pastures tread.

IV.

Here hast thou listned to our Vows,
 And scatter'd Blessings on thy House ;
 Thy Saints are succour'd, and no more
 As Sheep without a Guide deplore.

V.

[Completely heal each former Stroke,
 And bless the Shepherd and the Flock ;
 Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raise,
 And own this Tribute of our Praise.]

CLXXXIX. Long Metre.

Humiliation for National Sins:

For a Fast-Day in Time of War.

I.

GR^EAT GOD of Heav'n and Nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united Cries !
 See Britain bow before thy Face,
 Thro' all her Coasts, and seek thy Grace !

II.

No Arm of Flesh we make our Trust ;
 Nor Sword, nor Horse, nor Ship we boast ;
 Thine is the Land, and thine the Main,
 And human Force and Skill is vain.

III.

Our Guilt might draw thy Veng'ance down
 On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry Town ;

404 H Y M N CXC.

But view us, LORD, with pitying Eye,
And lay thy lifted Thunder by!

IV.

Forgive the Follies of our Times,
And purge our Land from all its Crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,
Let Princes, Priests and People shine.

V.

O may no heinous crying Sin
Thro' all our Camps and Navies reign;
No foul Reproach, to drive from thence
Our surest Glory and Defence!

VI.

So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our Arms with wide Success;
Our Foes shall dread JEHOVAH's Sword,
And conqu'ring Britain shout the LORD.

CXC. Common Metre.

Pleading with God for his gracious Appearance in Public Calamities.

For a Fast-Day.

I.

WHEN Abra'm full of sacred Awe,
Before JEHOVAH stood,
And with an humble fervent Prayer
For guilty Sodom su'd.

II.

With what Success, what wond'rous Grace,
Was his Petition crown'd!
The LORD, would spare, if in the Place
Ten right'ous Men were found.

III.

O could a single holy Soul
So rich a Boon obtain!
Good God, and shall a Nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous Saints may boast;
See their united Pray'rs ascend,
And shall these Pray'rs be lost?

V.

Are not the Righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient Times?
Or does this sinful Land exceed
Gomorrhah in its Crimes?

VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy Name,
Here yet is thy Abode;
Long has thy Presence blest our Land;
Forfake us not, O God!

VII.

Dread LORD, let not thy Anger burn,
If we thy Suppliants bow;
And say, till thou vouchsafe thy Grace,
We will not let thee go.

VIII.

O may the People, Priest and King,
Thy choicest Blessings share!
And know thee by that glorious Name,
"The God that heareth Pray'r."

CXCI. Long Metre.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance.

I.

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His Pōw'r and Grace shall be our Song;
His Hand hath dealt a secret Blow,
And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

II.

Praise to the LORD who bows his Ear
Propitious to his Peoples Pray'r;
And tho' Deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen Day.

III.

O may thy Grace our Land engage,
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage)
The Tribute of its Love to bring
To thee our Saviour and our King.

IV.

Our Temples, guarded from the Flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;
And ev'ry peaceful private Home,
To thee a Temple shall become.

CXCII. Common Metre.

Thanksgiving for Victory.

I.

ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The LORD assumes his Throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his Glories known.

II.

The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,
From their high Seats are hurl'd;

JEHOVAH rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders thro' the World,

III.

He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
Distributes mortal Crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totter at his Frowns.

IV.

Navies, that rule the Ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his Breath,
And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Descend to watry Death.

V.

Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
To vex our happy Land,
JEHOVAH's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.

VI.

Long may the KING, our Sov'reign, live
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours he can give
Be offer'd to the LORD.

CXCI. Long Metre.

Praise to God from Great Britain.

I.

NATURE, with all her Pow'rs, shall sing,
God the Creator and the King;
Nor Air nor Earth, nor Skies nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

II.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne;

Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

III.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force, and own his Name;
Whilst with our Souls, and with our Voice,
We sing his Honours and our Joys.

IV.

This Northern Isle, our native Land,
Lies safe in GOD th' Almighty's Hand;
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

V.

Raise monumental Praises high,
To him that thunders thro' the Sky,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

VI.

Yet, mighty GOD, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

CXCIV. Common Metre.

*The Church saved, and her Enemies disap-
pointed.*

For the Fifth of November.

I.

SHOUT to the LORD, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.

II. Thee

II.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

III.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs
 Thy envious Foes devise.

IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And with an awful Frown
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

V.

Their secret Fires in Caverns lay,
 And we the Sacrifice,
 But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
 To 'scape all-searching Eyes.

VI.

In vain the busy Sons of Hell
 Still new Rebellions try,
 Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,
 And vex away, and die.

VII.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r;
 Let Britain with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

410 H Y M N CXCIV, CXCVI.

CXCIV. Long Metre.

*God's merciful Appearance for Great Britain
gratefully owned.*

For the Fifth of November.

I.

PRAISE to the LORD, whose mighty Hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our Land;
And when united Nations rose,
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest Foes.

II.

While for our Princes they prepare
In Caverns deep a burning Snare,
He hot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,
And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day.

III.

Such great Deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us Salvation brought;
And still the Care of guardian Heav'n,
Secures the Bliss itself hath giv'n.

IV.

In thee we trust, almighty LORD,
Continu'd Rescue to afford;
Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare,
For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

CXCVI. Long Metre.

The Righteous exalted by God.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful Praise;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave;
 Her Frame dissolv'd, her Fears were great,
 When God a new Supporter gave,
 To bear the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
 And sware to rule by wholesom Laws;
 His Feet shall tread th' Oppressor down,
 His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
 Nor lift so high their scornful Head;
 But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
 And own the King that God hath made.

V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,
 Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
 'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
 'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.

Now shall the LORD exalt the Just;
 And while he tramples on the Proud,
 And lays their Glory in the Dust,
 My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.

CXC VII. Long Metre.

The great Condescension of God.

I.

UP to the LORD, that reigns on high,
 And views the Nations from afar,
 Let everlasting Praises fly,
 And tell how large his Bounties are.

II.

GOD, that must stoop to view the Skies,
And bow to see what Angels do,
Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes,
And bends his Footsteps downwards too.

III.

He over-rules all mortal Things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.

IV.

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Before the Mercy of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

V.

In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condescension to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-Worm.

VI.

O could our thankful Hearts devise
A Tribute equal to thy Grace!
To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

CXCVIII. Common Metre.

On Occasion of a dreadful Fire.

I.

ETERNAL GOD, our humbled Souls
Before thy Presence bow!
With all thy Magazines of Wrath,
How terrible art thou!

II.

Fann'd by thy Breath whole Sheets of Flame
 Do like a Deluge pour ;
 And all our Confidence of Wealth
 Lies molder'd in an Hour.

III.

Led on by thee in horrid Pomp,
 Destruction rears its Head ;
 And blackned Walls, and smoking Heaps,
 Thro' all the Streets are spread.

IV.

LORD, in the Dust we lay us down,
 And mourn thy righteous Ire ;
 Yet bless the Hand of guardian Love,
 That snatch'd us from the Fire.

V.

O may we view with dauntless Eyes
 The last tremendous Day,
 When Earth and Seas, and Stars and Skies,
 In Flames shall melt away !

CXCIX. Long Metre.

The Hand of the LORD upon the Cattle.

I.

THE Creatures, LORD, confess thy Hand,
 Thro' Earth and Sky, thro' Sea and Land;
 And all their meanest Orders share
 Their Maker's Pity and his Care.

II.

O look from thy exalted Throne,
 And hear our panting Cattle mone !
 Prone o'er th' untasted Food they lie,
 Grone out their Agonies, and die.

III.

What have these harmless Creatures done,
To draw this sore Chastisement down?
'Tis human Guilt for Veng'ance calls,
And heavy on the Herds it falls.

IV.

From them to us the Stroke might pass,
And mow down thousands of our Race,
Till Desolation reign'd around,
Our Cities void, untill'd our Ground.

V.

Prevent the Ruin by thy Grace,
And melt our Hearts to seek thy Face;
Blest Fruit of thy correcting Rod,
To lose our Beasts, and find our God!

CC. As the CXLVIIIth Psalm.

God the Giver of Fruitful Seasons.

I.

MARK the soft falling Snow,
And the diffusive Rain,
To Heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters Earth
Thro' ev'ry Pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret Store.

II.

Aray'd in beauteous Green
The Hills and Valleys shine;
And Man and Beast are fed
By Providence divine:

The Harveſt bows
 Its golden Ears,
 The copious Seed
 Of future Years.

III.

So, faith the God of Grace,
 My Goſpel ſhall deſcend,
 Moſt mighty to effect
 The Purpoſe I intend ;
 Millions of Souls
 Shall feel its Pow'r,
 And bear it down
 To Millions more.

IV.

Joy ſhall begin your March,
 And Peace protect your Ways,
 While all the Mountains round
 Echo melodious Praise ;
 The vocal Groves
 Shall ſing the God,
 And ev'ry Tree
 Conſenting nod.

CCI. Long Metre.

*On the Acceſſion of King GEORGE I. to the
 Britiſh Throne.*

For the Firſt of Auguſt.

I.

SING, Britons, with triumphant Voice,
 With Shouts of Joy in God rejoice ;
 He with propitious Eye look'd on,
 To ſee our Sov'reign mount his Throne.

II.

At his Approach Imposture fled,
 Black Treason hung its guilty Head ;
 But Truth and Right with him sat down,
 They fill his Throne, and form his Crown.

III.

Secure we dwell beneath his Shade,
 Of lawless Wrong no more afraid ;
 Right, Law, Religion he maintains,
 And keeps us safe from Racks and Chains.

IV.

Let all who his just Cause approve,
 In loyal Shouts express their Love ;
 And to our God their Tribute pay
 Of Praise on this auspicious Day.

V.

For ever let us magnify
 The Pow'r and Grace of God most High,
 Who on his King vouchsafes to smile,
 Pleas'd to secure and bless our Isle.

CCII. Common Metre.

Success in War acknowledged to come from God.

*For the Thanksgiving-Day, appointed
 November 29, 1759.*

I.

O MAY the joyful Voice of Praise
 Resound from Shore to Shore ;
 And distant Lands, and diff'ring Climes,
 The God of Hosts adore !

II.

But most, ye Britons, laud his Name,
 His Pow'r, his Goodness own ;

For bright on Britain's favour'd Race
His Mercy still has shone.

III.

How late before his high-rais'd Throne,
With anxious Dread ye mourn'd !
How soon his ready Aid appear'd,
And chearful Hope return'd !

IV.

He bid his chosen Chiefs arise,
To curb the Rage of War ;
With smiling Conquest blest their Steps,
And chas'd your ev'ry Care.

V.

With glad Success your Arms he crown'd,
But sunk th' Oppressor low ;
Nor circling Seas, nor guarded Tow'rs
Avail'd the trembling Foe.

VI.

'Tis GOD who drives bold Faction far,
And knits your Souls as one ;
'Tis he who builds a Nation's Fame,
Or pulls her Glory down.

VII.

O then in Vows and sacred Songs,
Ye Britons, grateful join,
Thus rescu'd of the LORD, declare
Your Helper is divine.

CCLIII. As the cxliith Psalm.

*The peculiar Blessings of Great-Britain
ascribed to G O D.*

*For the Thanksgiving-Day, appointed
November 29, 1759.*

I.

SAY, should we search the Globe around,
Where can such Happiness be found
As dwells in Britain's favour'd Isle?
Here Plenty reigns; here Freedom sheds
Her choicest Blessings on our Heads,
And bids our bleakest Mountains smile.

II.

Here Commerce spreads the wealthy Store
That comes from ev'ry foreign Shore;
Science and Art their Charms display;
Religion gives us, here to raise
Our Voices to our Maker's Praise,
As Truth and Conscience point the Way.

III.

When France, from Pride and Envy, plann'd
The Ruin of our blissful Land,
Here Vict'ry arm'd her chosen Race;
Go forth, my valiant Sons, she said,
Go strike the haughty Gaul with Dread,
And triumph in his deep Disgrace.

IV.

These are thy Gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchless Blessings spring.
The extended Trade, the fruitful Skies,

The Raptures Liberty bestows,
Th' eternal Joys the Gospel shews,
All from thy boundless Goodness rise.

v.

From thee, the Zeal and Spirit came
That did our Patriot Chiefs inflame;
Their Skill, their Courage, all are thine.
Our daring Troops with Glory crown'd,
Tell to the wond'ring Nations round,
The Hand that leads us is divine.

vi.

With grateful Hearts, with gladforn Tongues,
To God we raise triumphant Songs;
His Pow'r, his Mercy, we proclaim.
At length, ye faithless Tyrants, own
JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his Throne,
And tremble at his awful Name.

vii.

Long as the Moon her Course shall run,
Or Man behold the circling Sun,
O still may God in Britain reign!
Still crown her Armies with Success,
With Peace and Joy her Borders bless,
And all her sacred Rights maintain. K.

CCIV. Common Metre.

For the LORD's Supper.

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies ;
 Thro' the whole World his Bounty shines,
 And ev'ry Want supplies.

III.

But O, thy Love to guilty Man
 Demands our highest Praise !
 Jesus fulfils the gracious Plan
 Thy wiser Counsel lays.

IV.

The kind Compassion thou hast shown,
 Which wond'ring Angels view,
 Has brought Salvation from the Throne,
 When Vengeance was our Due.

V.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim ;
 But we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Shall most exalt thy Name.

The E N D.

23 JY 69





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O R

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to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

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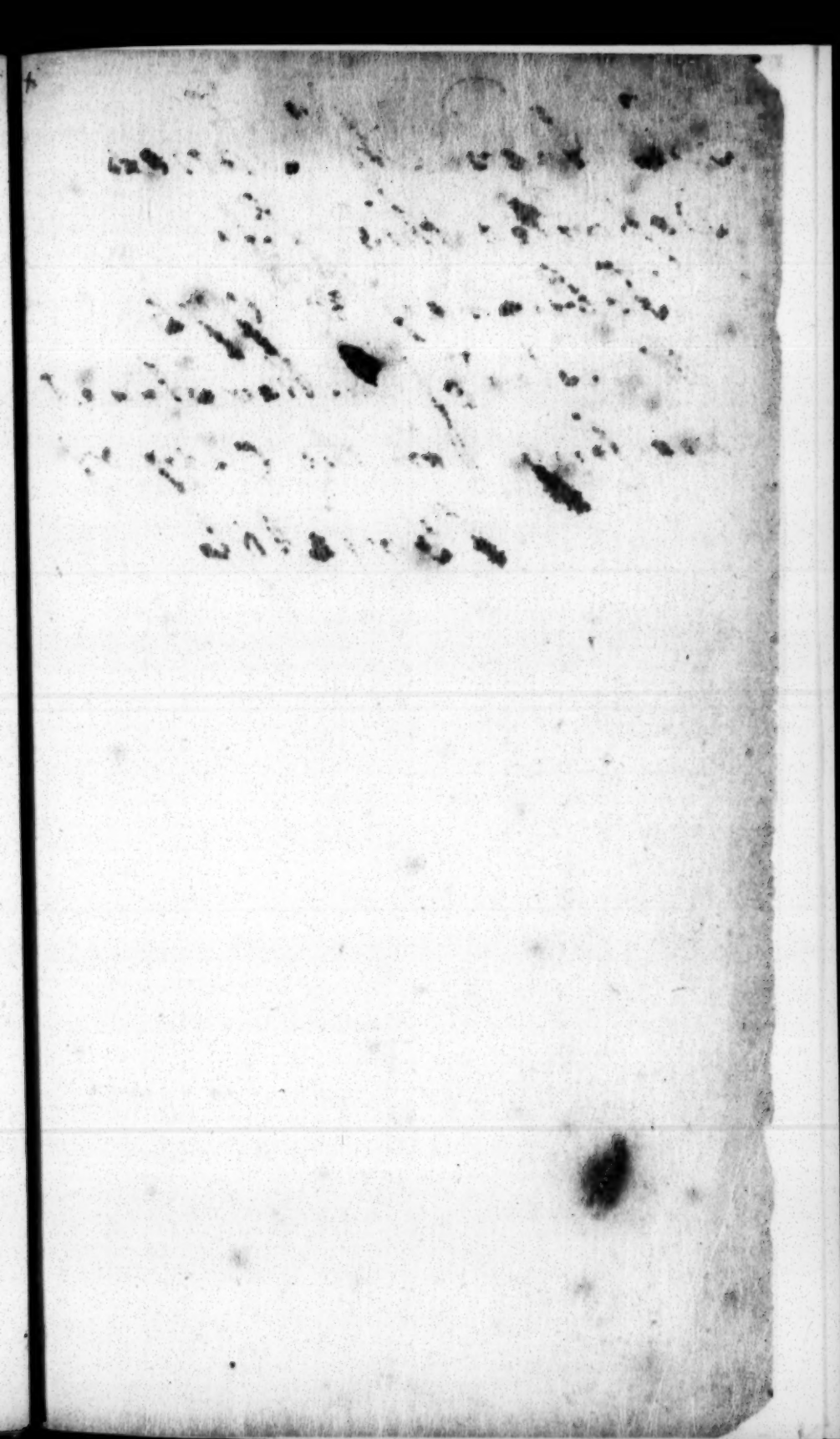
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The E N D.





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February 8 1775

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